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Water Competition and the Railroads
Magazine Poetry on the Upgrade
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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR

RANDOLPH BARTLETT :: :: ASSOCIATE

Editorials

FALSE MERCY AND ITS RESULTANT

BREAK it gently to Governor Johnson, this Christmas week of Our Lord, that another ruthless murder has been committed in Los Angeles, thus making for him, after a year or two of the law's delays, still another slayer to molly-coddle and preserve at the price of the people's safety. Figueroa, Bundy, Fariss, Harris, Larson and now Oxnam, six murderers of the most sordid type, to say nothing of the more passionate and ignorant homicides in the Mexican quarter, several of whom, having been utterly without money or influence, have paid the legal penalty. No need to recount the inexcusable and menacing act that snatched Figueroa from the gallows he so fearfully had earned. That blunder of the acting governor, when the executive was out of the state on a political office-chase, is indelibly impressed on the minds of the people. It was the worse misuse of administrative clemency in the history of the state.

Not yet officially commuted, but with reasonable hopes of saving their precious necks are the four thugs in whose evil hearts the fear of capital punishment was removed by the unwise action of the lieutenant-governor. Bundy, who slew the young messenger from the drug store; Fariss, the train robber, who killed an inoffensive passenger, without even the excuse of self-protection; Harris, the negro, who butchered the Christian Science woman healer; Larson, who made away with his wife, the mother of his children, whom he had sworn to protect and cherish. Faugh! it is a grewsome quartette. Each one has had a fair trial, has been found guilty as charged, and is under sentence to be hanged, but they still encumber the state's prison, due to the interference with justice by the executive. Meanwhile, the commonwealth of California is menaced by the fact that murders within our borders receive inadequate attention or, rather, too much attention, since the perpetrators, no matter how dastardly their crime, manage to elude proper punishment.

We believe that portion of the community which seeks to preserve the life of a murderer on sentimental grounds is committing a grievous error against society. It is a waste of precious energy, an exhibition of false mercy. The concern should be, not for the individual thug--his life is of no moment from the time he has forfeited it—but for society as a whole. Only by swift and drastic retributive justice can a wholesome fear of consequences permeate the potential homicide; this is why capital punishment must be administered if the sacredness of human life in the mass is to be maintained. It is not vengeance against the murderer that is sought—he is of infinitesimal consequence—it is the effect on the possible homicide that should be considered, and only by implanting in his mind—be it capable or incapable of clear reasoning—the fear of results to himself can the state of society be rendered fairly immune from the impious hands of the murderer.

Firmly believing this we regard it as a crime against the community to do aught to retard the mandate of the law that demands a life for a life. We are ready to admit that under great provocation and when laboring under great mental excitement the homicide's deed may be expiated by years of confinement in prison, but, as a rule, the judge and jury are competent to take this into consideration, as the resulting verdict and sentence invariably attest. For the governor of the state repeatedly to abort justice as is done in California, unfortunately, is to encourage the committal of capital crimes. We have only to look across the water to note the manner in which the criminal law is administered in Great Britain to be convinced that prompt trials and swift execution of sentence for murderers insure a minimum of capital crimes. Proof of this is found in the murder rate in London which is less than one in the hundred thousand. Berlin's record is only 2 and in Paris it reaches 4. But on this side the rate rises to 7 in the hundred thousand in New York, 13 in San Francisco, 33 in Atlanta, 48 in Savannah, 68 in Memphis. To save the miserable lives of murderers, by the law's delays and misapplied executive clemency, we virtually condemn to death thousands of innocent persons in the United States. What, then, is the better course? That adopted by the anti-capital punishment petitioners, plus the efforts of the executive, or the condign punishment for murderers that we advocate?

MAYOR ROSE ON THE "JITNEYS"

REGULATION of auto-bus traffic is now so generally demanded by the public that the city council is not likely to delay much longer in passing an ordinance that will demand certain standards of operation by the so-called "jitney" drivers. A timely contribution to this all-absorbing topic has been made by Mayor Rose who in vigorous language has recited certain facts as to the economic conditions entering into the subject of street occupation by auto-busses. He points out that, originally, the streets were dedicated to and used for the ordinary forms of traffic, horse-drawn vehicles, horsemen and pedestrians. When additional burdens were imposed, in the nature of street cars, the latter became amenable to regulation by franchise restrictions. Undoubtedly, the "jitneys" are a similarly added burden not contemplated in the original dedication of our thoroughfares, hence it follows that the city has the indubitable right to regulate and restrict this form of traffic.

Attention is called to Traffic Officer Butler's recent reports, showing the abnormal increase in accidents involving the auto-busses, and his recommendations are deemed worthy of earnest consideration. Taking the first nine days of December as a basis of computation, he finds that the average number of accidents daily has increased more than 60 per cent since November 1. There were 601 accidents last month, 463 in October, and 396 in September. August 1 only one "jitney" license had been taken out; now there are upward of 700 auto-busses in operation. The recklessness and incompetence of drivers are responsible for many of these accidents, notes the mayor. He agrees with Lieutenant Butler that the former may be suppressed by vigorous prosecution, but the latter can be eliminated only by a system of examinations. The suggestion of the traffic officer to permit halts only at stated intervals, to pick up and discharge passengers, he regards as commendable since it will have a tendency to relieve the congestion in the business district, which is now traversed by upward of 1,000 auto-busses every hour, allowing forty minutes to each run. It is figured that four cents of the single fare taken in by the "jitney" drivers go out of town for supplies, whereas the same ratio stays here, insofar as the street railways are concerned, labor getting three cents, taxes, license, street improvements and material claiming one cent, while interest on the bonded indebtedness gets much of the remaining one-fifth.

Facing an estimated loss of $750,000 a year, due to the autobusses' activities, it is inevitable that street railway employes must be laid off and all extension work stopped to meet the reduced income, so that, in a measure, the entire city is at a disadvantage by reason of this loss in revenue. These economic conditions must be considered in dealing with the auto-busses whose operators make a fair living, but are able to set aside nothing for depreciation. Mayor Rose admits that he has plenty of sympathy for the "jitney" drivers, but "safety first" is a motto that Los Angeles has adopted and to assure the application of this doctrine to our streets it is imperative that an ordinance insisting on regular service over stated routes, liability insurance, limiting the overload to a safe figure, exacting a percentage of receipts by increased license fees, eliminating incompetents by a system of examination, and in other directions reducing the dangers to a minimum is the only solution of this problem. The mayor closes his virile statement in these words: "To dally longer in our present state of irresolution and inaction is to be guilty of gross injustice to the people. If I have expressed myself strongly, it is because I realize the necessity for so doing. Other cities, much smaller than Los Angeles, have not hesitated to grapple with this growing menace and it is time that we took drastic action to insure the maximum of protection with the minimum of danger to the public."

MAGAZINE POETRY ON UPGRADE

ANNUALLY, for the last ten years, Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has emphasized in a yearly review the distinction of the verse in the magazines. Out of these reviews has grown a demand for a more permanent preservation of the best work, resulting in an annual anthology of magazine verse, to which are added records, references, and criticisms, constituting a year book of American poetry. This anthology for 1914, together with the year book, is now placed before a discriminating public and the verdict is that the author has performed a most meritorious task. A study of the 1914 compilation successfully refutes the modern idea that poetry has no relation to life. Mr. Braithwaite, in his introduction, points out how paradoxical it is that the English-speaking people, who have given the world the greatest poets, should take the false attitude that poetry is for

the purpose of creating an atmosphere of illusion, while in possession of the greatest spiritual and imaginative legacy of life and experience, bequeathed them from one generation to another in the last four hundred years.

In Mr. Braithwaite's opinion magazine poetry from 1900 to 1905 gave evidence of declining, due, he believes, to the fact that in no other period of our history was there so unintelligent and indifferent an attitude assumed toward the art. In his judgment, the scale, since 1905, has been ascending, and the high pitch of achievement has not yet been reached. Whether fine poetry creates a general popular recognition of the art, or the sympathetic appreciation of poetry for itself encourages excellent production, he is not prepared to say. This much, however, is apparent to him: that a period or epoch of the highest achievement has been one of popular appreciation. Certainly, the poetry in our magazines this year has been of a higher standard than in the several years immediately preceding, the longer pieces, especially, revealing greater excellence. Not only is this Mr. Braithwaite's belief, but it is the conclusion reached by every intelligent student who has followed magazine poetry of recent years to any purpose. Moreover, and this seems to support the theory of the present anthologist, the appreciation achieved by Messrs. Alfred Noyes, John Masefield, Percy MacKaye and Bliss Carman has so focused attention on poetry that it has served to encourage and inspire the lesser poets to higher standards.

Oddly enough, the best poems in English, directly inspired by the war, have been produced by American poets. The two groups of sonnets by Percy MacKaye, reprinted from the Boston Transcript and included in his new volume, "The Present Hour," reveal work of a high order, of which few of the older English poets have far surpassed. The martial poetry of E. Sutton, which readers of Scribner's magazine have noted with a thrill of satisfaction, also takes front rank. Bartholomew F. Griffin's "If," and "The Other Army," in the Boston News Bureau, "Prelude" by Edmond McKenna in "The Masses," and "He Went for a Soldier" by Ruth Comfort Mitchell of Los Angeles—the latter poem originally appearing in Smart Set, was reprinted in The Graphic—all indicate deep feeling and marked facility of poetic expression. In the present anthology—which every lover of poetry should get—are included fifty-two "distinctive" poems—"the" distinctive poems of the year, taken from eleven representative magazines, together with thirty from other magazines and newspapers, making a total of eighty-two genuinely fine poems. Mr. Braithwaite's critical test in arriving at a decision was "first, the sense of pleasure the poem communicated; then to discover the secret or the meaning of the pleasure felt; and in doing so to realize how much richer one became in a knowledge of the purpose of life by reason of the poem's message." Supposing our readers apply these same rules of procedure to every poem they come across and so quicken their critical faculties. In the 147 numbers of the eleven magazines considered there were published in 1914 647 poems of which 157 were poems of distinction. This is certainly a fine showing.

HILLES BACK ON THE JOB

THERE is a familiar and reminiscent ring to the announcement of Chairman Hilles of the Republican National Committee that a sweeping Republican victory looms large in the national election in 1916 for President, vice-president, senate, and house of representatives. It takes us back to those parlous days of 1912, when, following the national convention at Chicago and the unfortunate results thereat, the country was given daily bulletins from Mr. Hilles of a similar tremendous victory which the presidential nominee of his party was so certain of attaining. True, the party papers that printed the Hilles hogwash took not the slightest stock in what he said, but, like the graveyard whistler, they helped to maintain a semblance of courage by a front-page demonstration of what they knew was diametrically opposed to the probable truth.

Mr. Hilles places his faith in a political revulsion in the tariff issue, which is to be the undoing of the Democrats. He modestly states that it requires no gift of prophecy to tell this. It is a logical deduction from the recent election, he assures us. Not that he has any tangible victories to recite proving that he is on the right track, but assuming that "tariff tinkering" by the Democrats is bound to result in a repudiation of those responsible next time the people render their country-wide verdict. He argues, for example, that because Senator Newlands was re-elected by only forty-eight votes, it is a cinch that Senator Pittman will be defeated. It is a non sequitur. Newlands was "wobbly" on many occasions, notably when he voted in favor of subsidizing the coastwise ships by giving them free canal passage. Then there was his apathy in regard to the post-route contracts in his state, which were grossly invidious and which brought upon his head the wrath of influential Nevadans who so nearly acquired his scalp.

As to the election of a Democratic United States senator in California, supposed to be the hotbed of special privilege tariff pap, Mr. Hilles is discreetly silent. In pointing his moral this tale would have upset all his theories, it is feared. The re-election of a Democratic congressman in the chief citrus fruit district of Southern California also has a tendency to destroy faith in his "logical" predictions. But why take the gentleman too seriously? Certainly, there is less reason to do so in this year of grace 1914 than in 1912. The fine poise of President Wilson, the performance of specific promises by his party which, alas, Mr. Hilles could never say for Mr. Taft and his following, will not be so soon for gotten by the people as to cause them to turn ingrates. The tariff law is a measure passed in their behalf as against the privileged few; the splendid currency reform bill enacted is a triumph of business sagacity. These two items alone, to ignore the many other sound measures favored by Mr. Wilson and successfully carried to fruition by his party, render it exceedingly doubtful if Mr. Hilles will shine as a prophet in 1916.

RATE RULING A BUSINESS STIMULUS

EASILY the most important event in the commercial life of the nation of late is the rate decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, by which eastern railways are allowed to increase their freight schedules five per cent, the effect of which will be to add to the gross revenues of the systems affected upward of $25,000,000. Of this augmented annual income it is estimated that 1.6 per cent will be diverted to wages, 4.62 per cent to dividends and surplus, six one-hundredths to capital and the remainder is to go toward operating expenses and maintenance. In these increased rates only the roads east of the Alleghanies participate, and not in every particular was their united request granted. The commission, for example, declined to include coal, coke, and ore in the classifications affected which elimination reduces the expected benefits about 25 per cent of the whole. However, it is a substantial recognition of a condition that was working great injustice to invested capital and the effect will be to stimulate business generally.

So many industries are dependent upon the railroads that in encouraging the thirty-seven railway systems in so tangible a manner a marked revival of business confidence is likely to follow. With millions of dollars' worth of rail equipment and kindred supplies in orders let loose, which have been held in leash, pending a favorable rate decision, mills working on half time or closed altogether will take on renewed activities, giving employment to thousands of idle men. In other directions commerce will feel the stimulus. The increased income will warrant the re-financing of many railway properties whose funded obligations will have to be met in the succeeding three years, of which upward of $750,000,000, or a little more than one-half, falls due in 1915, inclusive of leading railroads and industrial corporations of kindred interests. Without this assurance of earnings it is certain that a receivership for a dozen or more railroads was inevitable.

While there will be no sudden change in the policy of retrenchment that has guided the railways of the country in the last two years, the tendency to loosen the purse-strings is sure to be reflected in a more optimistic feeling all along the line. With the strengthening of their securities railroads will have less trouble to convert their bonds into cash and the more comfortable situation resulting is bound to create greater buoyancy in the remotest industries. Restoration of confidence is recognized as one of the greatest factors necessary to the achievement of prosperity and this desideratum will follow quickly in the wake of the decision. For two years the roads have pleaded with the authorities to give heed to the plight in which they have been placed by excessive restrictions and this recognition is an indication that a more liberal attitude is to be observed toward the railways in future than has hampered them in the past. With the same fair treatment accorded the western roads, whose petition for a raise in rates is now before the Interstate Commerce Commission, the whole country will indirectly benefit and business generally receive the impetus so long lacking.

WATER RATES AND THE RAILROADS

WATER competition with the railroads is factor now giving the land transportatic lines serious pause. Since August 15, when tl canal was opened to commerce, to November 15, the commercial vessels passing through have carried upward of 750,000 tons of cargo, of which westbound manufactured goods of great variety and general merchandise have constituted the heaviest traffic. Eastbound, according to the Canal Record, the boats have carried chiefly canned fruits, vegetables and salmon, lumber, grain, sugar, pineapples and wine. The six lines now engaged in the canal traffic are making rates so far below the railroads that freight is being carried eastward, so the Railway Age Gazette states, by rail from points as far west as Milwaukee, and re-shipped from the seaboard by water at a combination rate lower than the rail rate from the middle west to the coast. As a result, many commodities that were formerly sent by rail from the middle west are now being shipped from the seaboard territory. Says the Age Gazette:

In a freight house of the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company at San Francisco recently were seen soap from Cincinnati, barbed wire from Allentown, Pa., canned goods from Milwaukee, and hardware from Wheeling, W. Va., all shipped by rail to the Atlantic seaboard, and thence by water to California. A boat sailing recently from Boston, which city formerly had no water service to the Pacific coast, carried nails, structural iron and wire fencing from Pennsylvania, paper from Maine, automobile tires, ink, canned goods and boilers from Massachusetts, and electrical machinery from Schenectady, N. Y. Rails have been shipped from Lorain, Ohio; iron pipe from Wheeling, W. Va.; paper oyster pails from Chicago, and pipe and pig iron from Birmingham, Ala.

Not only low rates but excellent service, due to new lines and more frequent sailings, have resulted from the opening of the canal, so that the railroads are put to it to retain a share of the traffic which is now slipping from them. In order to meet this keen competition the transcontinental railways have petitioned the Interstate

Commerce Commission for such a modification of its orders as will permit them to reduce rates to the Pacific coast terminals on the class of traffic now going by water, without, at the same time, correspondingly reducing their rates to intermediate points. While this will compel the filing of very low rates it will enable them to meet the water competition in part. If the commission refuses to grant their request, unless a general reduction is made, they will probably have to abandon the water competitive traffic entirely, according to the Age Gazette. Of course, the commission will have to reverse its former order as to intermountain business, should the present petition be granted, and in that event, if the railroads decline to meet the conditions stipulated, the middle west shippers are likely to raise a clamor. In the midst of the good feeling caused by the rate-advance accorded to the eastern roads there is a corresponding depression in transcontinental lines because of the water competition, with its drastic cut in rates, which the land carriers are unable to meet, owing to the restrictive legislation.

MUDDLED HISTORY FOR THE MASSES

SURELY, magazine articles which deal with international affairs in these ticklish days ought to be scrupulously accurate, so as not to deepen or create prejudices. In reading an interesting article in last Sunday's Los Angeles Times (illustrated section), which tells all about neutral Holland and the world war, as observed by Mr. Charles M. Pepper, there is one paragraph that requires to be rewritten. It says: "When England was thought to have crowded Holland off the map as a colonial power, the East Indies remained, and British aggression never has been able to find a plausible pretext for seizing them."

Is this wilful perversion of facts, or is Mr. Pepper handling with assurance a subject of which he is ignorant? Has he never heard of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, who in the year 1811, when the island of Java was seized by a British expeditionary force, Holland being then attached to France, became its lieutenant-governor, and ruled it with conspicuous success for five years? Has he never seen Raffles' handsome volumes treating of the Dutch Indies? And does he not know that Britain handed over the islands to Holland as soon as the little country again became independent?

Is it possible that Mr. Pepper, who is a veteran newspaper correspondent and an author of note, is unaware that the instance cited is not by any means the sole example of such honorable behavior on the part of Great Britain? A lover of real history gets tired of history muddled to suit race prejudices; American writers should know better—excellent cyclopedias are always at hand.

Revelation

I had not thought of it as sin,
Our love in this old garden close—
It seemed unto the lilies kin
And perfect as a rose.

But when this morn I told him how
God would a guerdon give to keep
Our love from death, he did but bow
An ashen face and weep!

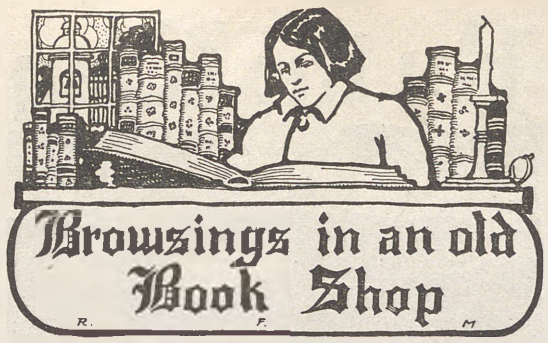
—VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON.

From the Bookshop Door

Noontime, and the hurried throng
Is passing down the street;
The hurried, worried, panting throng,
With never-ending tread of feet.

But I within this doorway cool
Look out upon the heat—
Upon the hurried panting throng,
Who take their frenzied way along
The never-ending street.

—F. ISAACSON.



WHEN Sydney Smith's name recurs to Americans the mind immediately reverts to that famous article by the brilliant Englishman, first printed in the Edinburg Review in December, 1818, wherein we, as a "self-adulating race" are mercilessly flayed for our shortcomings, ethical and intellectual, as compared with the land that has produced a Bacon, a Shakespeare and a Newton. It was freely admitted by the witty critic that Americans are a "brave, industrious and acute people," but it was objected that their republican training had done little to attest the honor of their descent; in the thirty or forty years of their independence what had they to show for the sciences, for the arts, for literature or even the statesmanlike studies of politics or political economy? Then he asks: In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? Or who goes to an American play? Or who looks at an American picture or statue? Other impertinent questions of like nature are propounded that are supposed to leave us dumb because of their unanswerability. Until we are able to face these indictments we are advised to lie low. We have. The pointed finger of our accuser has been "a brown infragrant powder" for nearly three-quarters of a century and the "land of Jonathan" has long ago met the requirements itemized so categorically by the Edinburg reviewer. True, we have not yet produced a Shakespeare, but the country is young yet.

My browsings at the Old Book Shop this week yielded Evert A. Duyckinck's exceedingly interesting selections of the "Wit and Wisdom of the Rev. Sydney Smith," published in 1856. A sympathetic memoir, with notes, of the accomplished subject, prefaces the work which proves the wide range of the compiler in the field of English literature. Mr. Duyckinck, according to the late Richard Henry Stoddard, was a safe authority on points of literary inquiry. He knew the whole field of English literature, "as seamen know the sea," and better than any other scholar in this country was fitted, "by natural disposition and temperament, by study and research, by constant practice as a writer, by experience as journalist and editor, and by thorough magnanimity and impartiality of judgment, to discharge the duty and fulfill the trust of a literary critic." High praise, this, from a master writer himself, but, judging from the example of his art in the Sydney Smith compilation, certainly deserved. In my library is a voluminous work in two volumes, entitled "Cyclopaedia of American Literature," a most painstaking affair in which the younger Duyckinck, George Long, collaborated with his brother. It covers the history of intellectual effort in the new world from the early colonial period to 1855, the date of publication, and is an authority on the subject of which it treats. The editorship of the Sydney Smith volume the following year was the elder brother's next important contribution to American letters. From 1848 to 1853, Mr. Duyckinck was the editor of the Literary World, a forerunner of the Nation. This was published in New York and at an earlier date (in 1847) had been in the hands of Charles Fenno Hoffman, who was assisted for a time by Bayard Taylor, who made his debut in its columns as a metropolitan journalist. Their successors, the brothers Duyckinck, controlled and shaped its destinies for five years. In the field of literary criticism the magazine was to be depended upon for its impartiality and its intelligence.

But to get back to Sydney Smith, so well presented to American readers by the accomplished New York literary critic. Born in 1771 of an English country squire and a Frenchwoman, his mother the daughter of a Huguenot emigre, from her the brilliant son inherited her strong sense, energy of character and constitutional vivacity or gaiety. His elder brother Robert, nicknamed "Bobus," at school, was distinguished as a classical scholar and the younger brother, Courtenay, went to India, where he acquired great wealth and reputation as a judge and an Oriental scholar. His death in 1843, when Sydney was 72, unexpectedly put the witty prebendary of St. Paul's in possession of a comfortable fortune. Prior to that time he had known poverty's pinch on many occasions. At one time we find him writing: "Moralists tell you of the evils of wealth and station, and the happiness of poverty. I have been very poor the greatest part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people, but I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained." When Sydney Smith was married his own contribution to the family settlement was six small, well-worn silver teaspoons. Preceding this important event in his life he had, along with Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray, and Lord Brougham started the Edinburg Review (1802), to which he was a steady contributor for the next twenty years. From Edinburg he returned to London where the brilliant young divine set up his lares and penates, his acquaintances rapidly widening until he found himself in the exclusive circle of wits and statesmen that centered about famous Holland House, a scion of which was destined to marry Sydney Smith's daughter, Saba. For more than a decade the clergyman had a rectorship in Yorkshire where, in addition to his literary work, he was also farmer and physician, having in his youth studied medicine. It was part of his philosophy of life to make the best of every situation and with the utmost cheerfulness he strove to put his talents to their full bent. With the advent of the Whigs to power came recognition of his virile pen and from the provinces the independent, fearless writer was called to London as a prebend of St. Paul's cathedral. In the ensuing fourteen years, until his death in 1845, the witty sallies, bon mots, admirable sermons and writings in behalf of religious literature, the exposure of cant and hypocrisy and inculcation of timely reforms easily made him a powerful force in the London of the early Victorian period. He was not a dilettante in literature; he wrote mainly to enforce practical views and opinions on which he felt strongly. Though he was a professed joker and convivial wit—"a diner-out of the first luster"—as he himself described Canning, he never forced his humor and was ever a disinterested and effective politician. He had the wit of Swift without his coarseness or cynicism and at repartee he was as sharp as a rapier and as quick in action.

In all the years of his poverty his good nature was never-failing. Lady Holland, his daughter, and biographer, has given many glimpses of her father's domestic life which reveal his resourcefulness, his kindness, his ready wit, his industry and constant self-culture. At home he strove to inculcate the art of happiness and in spreading this doctrine he did not forget to include the dumb brutes. His humanity to his cattle on the little farm in Yorkshire was shown in a way said to have been practised by a certain Duke of Argyle, in alleviating the distressed cuticles of his irritate tenantry. He set up a skeleton machine in the midst of a field, ingeniously arranged for every four-footed creature to rub against, which he called his Universal Scratcher. It was in 1843 that Sydney Smith's famous petition to congress and letters on American debt were promulgated. The failure of several states, in a time of financial embarrassments, to make provision for the payment of interest due on bonds was incited by the non-receipt of his semi-annual interest on certain Pennsylvania bonds he held. Sinister talk of repudiation caused him to take up his pen in illustration of the sound principles of pecuniary obligation and national faith. The cause was just, his wit was trenchant. His letters unquestionably did good service. Of course, the American papers "came back" at him. One of them dubbed him a "minor canon." Said he, "They call me Xantippe; they might, at least, have known my sex; and they say I am eighty-four." However, one of his American admirers sent him three pounds of cheese and another a barrel of apples. To Captain Morgan, the friend of Dickens, Thackeray, Leslie and his brother-artists of the Sketching Club of London, he wrote acknowledging the receipt of the apples, which he considered "apples of concord rather than of discord." He assured the donor that having learned they came from a solvent state the fruit was eaten with universal applause.

Sydney Smith seems to have united in a rare manner the virtues of the optimist and the reformer. He fought a long fight with dullness, pedantry, prejudice, private and personal interest, and won. His honest laugh rang through the whole field, comments Duyckinck. An instinctive genius, the inspiration of common sense, was his weapon. He had the courage in a luxurious artificial society, where weak men are crushed by conventionalities of appearing what he was and spending no more than he could afford. It was said of the happy nature of Oliver Goldsmith that he had a knack at hoping. With Sydney Smith it was a principle. Cheerfulness he made an art. He liked household illuminations of a good Eng-

lish coal fire, "the living thing," he said, "in a dead room;" abundance of lights, flowers on his table, fruits and pictures on his walls. Here is a characteristic anecdote of the man told by his daughter, Lady Holland, illustrating his habitual regard to human happiness, and his frequent solicitude for the natural welfare of children: One of his little flock, then in delicate health, was in the habit of waking suddenly every evening; sobbing, anticipating the death of parents, and all the sorrows of life, almost before life had begun. He could not bear this unnatural union of childhood and sorrow and for a long period, each evening found him, at the waking of his child, with a toy, a picture-book, a bunch of grapes, or a joyous tale, mixed with a little strengthening advice and the tenderest caresses, till the habit was broken and the child woke to joy and not to sorrow.

I learn, with sympathetic interest, that his handwriting, a sign of his impatience, was villainously bad. He described it in a letter to a friend who wished to borrow one of his sermons: "I would send it to you with pleasure, but my writing is as if a swarm of ants, escaping from an inkbottle, had walked over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs." But the clearness and purity of his style are noticeable. It is direct, forcible, manly English; brief without obscurity, rich without any extravagance of ornament, the unaffected language of a gentleman and a scholar. Smith used the purest Saxon to express himself. His meaning reaches us pruned of all superfluities and devoid of all tediousness. It is a style, too, which is essentially his own, a reflex of his keen, impulsive, straightforward character. There was nothing of the slow, stealthy approach of the sarcastic, biting sayer of "good things" in Sydney Smith. His jests, like those of the late prince of American humorists, Robert J. Burdette, were in a rollicking vein of extravaganza. Samuel Rogers has told us that, "Whenever the conversation is getting dull, he throws in a touch which makes it rebound and rise again as light as ever." As with Burdette, it was not so much the good things he said that one remembered afterward; you remembered how much you laughed. This is not to say that memorable things were unsaid, but to record the chief impression. Sydney Smith was not a great philosopher or deep thinker. He was for expediency, but his expediency implied courage for the right and true. Macaulay considered him the greatest master of ridicule in England since Swift. His wit and satire were but light-arm weapons used for serious purposes and in noble and enlightened causes, observes one commentator. I recommend a course of Sydney Smith reading for any person of hypochondriac tendencies. As a dissipator of melancholia and the megrims he has few superiors.

S. T. C.

GRAPHITES

In much of the fiction which purports to tell of the present war (this does not refer to the so-called official dispatches in the daily papers) there is a striking unanimity in the characterization of Germany. While praising the wonderful efficiency that country has shown, there is always a suggestion of Machiavellian indirectness in her supposed action. Carl Graves makes her tempt England to keep out of the coming war, by the offer of French Morocco. In "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo" England's Egypt is to be France's reward for a similar action. The "Man Who Rocked the World" was twice compelled to use his supernormal power on Germany's forces. Can you decide whether Carl Graves was anxious to produce a best seller, constitutionally unable to tell the truth, subsidized by the English, or guilty of a German blunder?

Language, as an indication of race, is one of the popular ideas that lives in spite of mountains of evidence of its error. Of course, the Hebrew, using always the tongue of the country in which he dwells, is the most conspicuous example. Practically everybody in Mexico speaks Spanish, but only a minority can prove even a fractional Spanish ancestry. Most of the inhabitants of Southern Italy are as unlike other Europeans as are the American Indians. In racial type they, as many of the people of the Aegean islands, are identical with the folk whose pictures ornament the walls, and pottery found in the ruins of the ancient cities of Crete. The Egyptian Fellah speaks Arabic, but is clearly a lineal descendant of the men who labored on the pyramids. Hindu dialects are used in India by millions who have no blood relationship to the Indo-European race. Even within this one family many Slavs and Celts would, from their speech, be called Teutonic, while pure blood Germans have, for many generations, known only one of the so-called Romance children of the Latin tongue.

Dick Chapman's Happy Recovery

One of the most welcome surprises that have come to me this Christmas week is the report just received from San Francisco that "Dick" Chapman, for three years suffering from aberration of mind is restored to reason and is home again with his wife and family, after a long and sad confinement in an asylum. R. H. Hay Chapman is well known in Los Angeles. At one time he was the brilliant editor of the old Morning Herald and later was the editor of The Graphic, up to seven years ago, when I took over the paper from himself and Mr. Scott. The graft campaign in which "Dick" was enlisted to clear the imputations on Patrick Calhoun's character, proved too strenuous for the finely-strung newspaper man and his brain succumbed to the strain. "Now," writes my informant under date of December 21, "he is once more normal. He was brought home from Agnews last Sunday, much slighter and much worn by his trying experience —but his same old self. He will pass the next few months in getting back physically. His recovery was almost as rapid as his 'going away.' You remember the details of his seizure, now about three years ago. His return to the normal dates back about three weeks. He began to get quieter and he was closely watched by the attendants. About a week ago, it is stated, Dick seemed to feel something break—at least that was the sensation. That was the end of the trouble. He remained at Agnews until yesterday. I have not seen him, but friends of mine saw him and Mrs. Chapman on the street today. They say that barring his thinness, he is the same Chapman. They had no opportunity to speak to them. You may remember a similar case, but it is beyond me to recall anything like it. You recollect that you published something from Dr. Haynes several months ago, and I think Dr. John believed that Dick would never come 'back.' He has."

Glory be! I am delighted to learn the good news and I am sure all Dick's many old friends in this city, especially his former associates of the Sunset Club, will rejoice with me.

Jamie Toberman's Cruel Fate

In musical circles there is deep and genuine sympathy expressed for Mr. and Mrs. Roland Paul, whose sturdy son of fourteen, Jamie Toberman, was instantly killed Tuesday on the San Bernardino road, through running out from behind his mother's automobile to recover his lost hat, a machine coming from the opposite direction striking him in the neck with fatal results. The accident was an unavoidable one, as the testimony proves; the tragedy is that the lad's mother was with him at the time and an eyewitness of her son's cruel fate. Jamie was of an exceedingly happy disposition, the friend of all his mother's friends and adored by his step-father, Roland Paul, who is in great distress because of the sudden taking-off of the boy who had crept so closely into his heart. The lad's Christmas presents were all at home, waiting for their joyous owner, and Wednesday, Mrs. Paul's sister went to the house and tearfully bore them away. Jamie's untimely death will leave a sad gap in the home of which he was so merry a member.

Omitted Part of the Parallel

One of my pro-British readers sends me a clipping from the London Times reciting that the Hamburger Fremdenblatt published, recently, under the title, "The Bible and Belgium," and as "a striking parallel with the fate which is befalling Belgium," verses from the second chapter of the Book of Deuteronomy, beginning at verse 26. The passage runs:

"And I sent messengers out of the wilderness of Kedemoth unto Sihon, King of Heshbon, with words of peace, saying, Let me pass through thy land: I will go along by the highway, I will neither turn unto the right hand nor to the left. Thou shalt sell me meat for money, that I may eat; and give me water for money, that I may drink; only I will pass through on my feet, as the children of Esau which dwell in Seir and the Moabites which dwell in Ar, did unto me; until I shall pass over Jordan into the land which the Lord our God giveth us. But Sihon King of Heshbon would not let us pass by him; for the Lord thy God hardened his spirit and made his heart obstinate, that he might deliver him into thy hand, as appeareth this day. And the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have begun to give Sihon and his land before thee; begin to possess, that thou mayest inherit his land. Then Sihon came out against us, he and all his people, to fight at Jahaz. And the Lord our God delivered him before us; and we smote him, and his sons, and all his people."

But a reader of the London paper, a Norwegian, who first saw the quotation in the Fremdenblatt, and sent it to England, observed that while the Hamburg journal up to this point quotes correctly, and with direct reference to Belgium, Luxemburg, and France, it then proceeds to the end of the chapter, omitting the verses which immediately follow those which we have quoted and which "would have made the parallel more complete." These verses are:

"And we took all his cities at that time, and utterly destroyed the men, and the women, and the little ones, of every city, we left none to remain; Only the cattle we took for a prey unto ourselves, and the spoil of the cities which we took."

George Hazzard Sets a Good Pace

I have read many descriptive articles treating of the San Diego fair and what is in store for the visitors, but one that has attracted me most by its lucidity of statement, its ability to present to the mind's eye a fine mental picture of the glories of Balboa Park is that written by George Hazzard of Frank Batturs' Southern Pacific passenger traffic department, which was printed in full in the San Diego Union a few days ago. For a writer whose business it is to deal more or less in superlatives, George has displayed commendable repression. He writes tersely and appreciatively of the architectural and floral beauties of the fair, how best to reach the exposition a what to dwell upon when there. I suggest t John Byrne, of the Santa Fe passenger tra department, send his compliments to his c league, Frank Batturs, for the liberal spirit hibited by the Southern Pacific official in assi ing his subordinate to the task that has been well accomplished.

Close-Fistedness and Crime

Money for anything but necessities—seems to be the slogan of the city council. Any kind of a crank with a new idea in municipal ownership or legislative gymnastics can get a hearing, but, money for more policemen? Preposterous! We can't spare it. I have just ascertained that, when the hobo season arrived last year the council consented to spend $5800 for additional police. This magnificent appropriation paid $75 a month to twenty-five men for ninety days. These twenty-five extra policemen made 1400 arrests in railroad yards, the river bed and the residential district, diminishing crime, of course, almost incalculably, not only by placing actual offenders where they were not a menace to the community, but by making arrests of well-known criminals "on suspicion" and thus letting the objectionable characters know that the police were on the lookout, and it would be well to move on to other less closely guarded cities. Chief Sebastian has asked for one hundred men for this winter, owing to the prospects of an unprecedented number of vagabonds going to the exposition cities, but even the twenty-five of last year would be a welcome addition. It seems to require a brutal affair such as the murder of Mr. Alexander to bring our city council to a realization that the city demands something more of them than the spending of the people's money on fads. The rockpile and the east side stockade can accommodate a considerable number of such individuals as otherwise may engage themselves in similar killings, if the city council can manage to spare a few thousand dollars.

Chief Sebastian for Mayor

I am assured that it is now a certainty that Chief Sebastian will be a candidate for the nomination to the mayoralty in the spring campaign. It will be remembered that he was eagerly sought at the last election, as a candidate, but as his personal friend and associate, Judge Rose, was in the field, he declined to run. In view of Mayor Rose's recent public statements, it is doubtful if he will be a candidate to succeed himself as he does not appear to have enjoyed his ten of public office, and Sebastian, therefore, is fr from his former objections. There is no qu

tion as to the chief's popularity, and his record in his long tenure of the difficult position of chief is such as to make him the logical candidate to succeed the incumbent. There are few of the present members of the city council who have not their eyes upon the mayoralty, but when compared with Sebastian their claims upon the public consideration fade into insignificance. Unless there are unexpected developments, it would be no great surprise to find the chief in the mayor's chair next year.

Mayor Rose and the Apology

I am glad to note that there will be no declaration of war between Los Angeles and San Diego on account of a paragraph printed in a publication of limited circulation in the latter city which declared that Los Angeles was willing to accept any little odds and ends and get down on its knees and give thanks therefor. Personally, I believe it would have been a more dignified course for the mayor to have paid no attention to the squib, which now has achieved a notoriety far beyond its author's most sanguine hopes. And after all, what did the paragraph say that many of us have not felt, after reading the droolings of our own local dailies regarding trivial matters, enlarged to the magnitude of major victories. I opine that the incident, as now developed, will furnish the San Francisco commentators with much food for merriment at our expense. These things are better ignored.

Treat for the Channel Club

Members of the Channel Club were treated, last Saturday, to a delightful afternoon of Bernard Shaw comedy, at the home of Mrs. George Goldsmith. Hamilton Deane and Miss Hilda Honess gave three scenes from "You Never Can Tell," "Major Barbara" and "Arms and the Man." These two players are so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the great satirist, that the intimacy of a drawing-room enactment, without seenery or costume, and the audience grouped close at hand, was no bar to an effective exposition of the ideas. They who saw the performance of "The Whip" at the Majestic a few weeks ago, will remember the leading man and leading woman—they were Mr. Deane and Miss Honess. It is a long jump from "The Whip" to Shaw, but the melodrama being "at rest" for a few weeks, these players are giving a few performances of the works in which they are really interested, but for which they find audiences so scarce. I understand that Manager Linnard of The Maryland has realized the possibilities of these tabloid performances, and has obtained Mr. Deane and Miss Honess for a series of entertainments at his Pasadena hotels.

Does Anyone "Understand" a Country?

Mr. Mukerji, the young Hindoo who has been lecturing hereabouts for a considerable time, spoke on the India of Kipling and Tagore at Ebell Club Monday afternoon, and, for the greater part of his talk, took radical exception to Kipling as an interpreter of the life of that country, while he found in Tagore an ideal exponent of the spirit of the land. Mr. Mukerji's principal point seems to be that Kipling saw only as an European, albeit India was his birthplace, which appears to be a rather obvious thing, but the lecturer did not give Kipling credit for having, at least, a clear Occidental vision; and when Mr. Mukerji professed not to be able to find anything by which to remember "Gunga Din" excepting the "swear words," he indexed himself as to the versatile Kipling. If a young man of American birth from Harvard or Yale, of Mr. Mukerji's age and educational advantages, unusual though the latter may be, should go about the world in a positive and didactic manner, pretending that he understands all about this country, he would encourage the world to laughter; it seems a little ambitious for Mr. Mukerji, therefore, to set himself up as so final an authority on matters East Indian, for that country has a life certainly no less complex than ours. And as to the failure of Kipling, as an Englishman, to understand India, this statement seems a little strong, in view of the fact that the English whom Kipling certainly understands, have been able to do so much for that country, with its uncounted millions, and with a minimum of violence or force. Moreover, that India has appreciated the English understanding of its problems and its people, is now being forcibly demonstrated in the presence of the native volunteers from India in the European war.

British Memorial Service Sunday

It is doubtful if there will be a more impressive service in Los Angeles in this holiday season than the memorial which will be held at Trinity Auditorium Auditorium Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock for the British soldiers and sailors who have fallen in the battles of the great war. H. N. Woodcock, secretary of the British Relief Fund, in sending out his notices of this gathering, remarks, feeling: "But for the wheel of chance, we were lying in those trenches in Europe or in the ocean's vast and wandering grave."

What Railroad Publicity Does

There is probably no railroad in the world which takes a broader view of its own interests in the progress of the country it serves, than does the Southern Pacific, whose publicity and promotion department is continually carrying on activities of which the majority of the general public never learns. For example, a "trivial" matter which has just come to my notice, is the free distribution of a Christmas or New Year's postal card, with the symbolic wreath of holly, the warm glow of poinsettias, a view of the San Francisco Fair buildings, and this seasonable wording: "My Wishes for You: Health, rugged as our mountains; Good Cheer, warm as western sunshine; Spirit, placid as the blue Pacific but strong as its tides; Heart lifted high, like the Big Trees, to the larger view; Joy at your Christmas feast; Happiest of New Years, high resolves, equally high achievement; Peace over all through 1915." How better than this can the spirit of California be carried out to them who dwell in heathen darkness?

Brother Earl and I in Same Boat

It is not often that I reach that pinnacle of fame of being in the same boat with Brother Edwin Tobias Earl, and such an occasion, I feel, should excuse the pride which thrills me at the thought. I have received, in an envelope inscribed to me, a letter addressed to Brother Earl, objecting, on the part of the Woman's Club of Hollywood, to the discontinuance of the art department of the Express and Tribune. As there were two or three weeks in which The Graphic had no art news, I take it that Brother Earl has received, and, presumably, read a letter addressed to me, sent in an envelope to him. The question before the house, Brother Earl, is what shall you and I do about this protest from the Hollywood club women? Shall we stand pat, or shall we run for cover? I place the problem before your acutely constructive brain. What? No answer? Then I must gang my own gait. The truth of the matter is, while art news was missing from The Graphic for two or three issues, a fact which seemed to give Brother Earl his cue to abandon his entirely, it never was the intention to discontinue it entirely, as readers of The Graphic have noticed. We shall give as much space as possible to reviews of exhibitions, and shall be glad, at all times, to receive from artists and their friends, notes of their activities. Truth is, art dealers, locally, are, on the whole, ingrates.

Sweet Bells Out of Tune

Let us be charitable, this time of year. There has been an evil star hovering over affairs musical in the last week or so. Let us not blame anyone that Beethoven's Third Symphony lacks the virility of Tschaikowsky, or that when only one oratorio is given in a year it should not be transscendentally perfect. It is a nervous season, a time of stress. Apollo will come into his own again in a few weeks. To doubt that would be a woeful thing indeed.

Problem of the Persimmon

She stood looking at the tempting array of fruit, undecided. "The persimmons are particularly good," the shopman suggested. She sighed. "I know, but to eat a persimmon in the way the laws of society ordain is only an aggravation. I think the persimmon was the apple the serpent gave to Eve in the Garden of Eden, for she is the only woman in history whose dinner gown would permit eating this luscious fruit in the way nature intended."

Anniversary Week at Orpheum

Next Wednesday the Orpheum will celebrate its twentieth birthday in Los Angeles. Two decades ago, in the old Grand Opera House, now turned over to the cheapest kind of motion pictures, the adventurous San Francisco spirits who had been meeting with considerable success in purveying to the amusement-loving folk of the northern city, made their first move toward making their enterprise something more than a one-theater affair. I believe I am right in saying that the only losing week the local Orpheum ever has known was that of the San Francisco disaster. It is no mere pressagentry to say that this circuit has grown to its present amazing dimensions simply by giving its patrons the best in vaudeville. Look over the advertisements of Keith's, Pastor's and the other noted New York vaudeville houses, and you will find headliners who would never be permitted that honor on an Orpheum bill. For the success of the local house, Clarence Drown, unquestionably, is entitled to principal credit. While he has had little to do with the acts offered, he has always had the comforts and convenience of his audiences in mind, and the successive moves, from the Grand to what is now the Lyceum, and then to the present handsome building erected for the Orpheum itself, were of his designing and execution. It is an open secret in the theatrical world that with the tremendous growth of the Orpheum circuit, Mr. Drown could have had his choice of half a dozen of the important executive positions in the company, but has preferred to remain here, where he has developed extensive interests in addition to his theatrical activities.

Examiner's Exposition Number

As a general rule I fight shy of "special editions" of our already cumbersome morning papers. An exception is the Exposition Number of the Examiner, issued this week, for which Max Ihmsen is entitled to great credit. Pictorially and in text it is quite a decided departure from the banalities of the customary "write-up" editions, in which reams of paper are smeared with perfunctory "boost" matter which would not deceive anyone, not even its own authors. The detail work on this edition, I understand was directed by my former associate, Ed Insley, a newspaper man of extensive experience, and anyone who can so effectively redeem an institution fallen into such disrepute as the special editions is deserving of highest praise.

The Conqueror

Ho thou!
Who cometh here across the snow?
Stay—Halt, and give the word! Know'st thou
that none
May pass this way—with millions spilling blood—
That hath no sign or token of command?
Who art thou—what thy name—
Who servest? Speak!

Look you, comrade—
And he is gone! He moves
In majesty across the bloodied snow,
Unstayed by sword—nay—what is this? The
blade
Falls broken to the ground—and oh, his eyes!
Saw'st thou, that instant as they turned
With look that pierced the heart—
August and terrible!

And in his breast
He bears a sleeping child,
And that which slipped past, as we stood
Amazed, and clingeth to the hem of him—it is
A woman. Look ye—what a sight is this—
The dying raise them as he goes and lift
Their wounds to him and cry—
Hark! What cry they?
"Hail, Prince of Peace!"
"Hail Thou, and Hear!"

Thou! Prince of Peace—
Come to thy festival, of love and cheer
In peaceful homes of men: What welcome thine?
Smouldering hearths, razed temples, harried
droves
Of children and of women, and behind—
The cannon's night, and fields
Of staring dead.

Thus comest Thou
To Thy festival, O Prince--
Across the plains of blood—and art forgot,
Rejected? Nay! Nay—by these wounds that cry
To Thee! By dead men's eyes that stare at
Thee—
Nay, by these barren wombs that wail to thee,
And that despair that looks
From old men's eyes.

Rejected? Nay!
Woe hath outworn our wrath—anguish
Our madness; lo, the shameful slain cry to Thee!
Stay, O Prince—we yield! Across this hideous
plain
We reach the blades that drank the blood of
brothers—
Take Thou and break, as this Thy wrathful eyes
have broke!
O, Thou, that com'st across the blood-tracked
snow tonight
From Thy spoiled shrines—in sorrow and majesty—
Thou long resisted one—Thou **Prince of Peace**—
The dead and living hail Thee
To Thy throne!

—KATHERINE ELSPETH OLIVER.

Tagore's Intricate Drama of Allegorical King---By Randolph Bartlett

SYMBOLISM in the drama is a valuable servant but a murderous master. Rabindranath Tagore, in his latest drama, "The King of the Dark Chamber," has permitted his symbolism so to obsess him that he has produced a work which, certainly, cannot be considered as of value excepting to those who are interested in the superlatively esoteric. Tagore already had written a purely symbolistical drama, in "Chitra," and produced a fine lyric, in which the allegory was transposed into terms at once so simple and so subtle that the devotee of poetry was charmed no less than the seeker after the philosophy. "The King of the Dark Chamber," on the other hand, has no story aside from its allegory, and this is so elusive and complex that it seems more like a challenge than an exposition. Here is the framework, so far as it may be reduced to its essentials:

The ruler of a mythical country never has been seen by his subjects. He is the King of the Dark Chamber. From time to time pretenders arise, take toll of the populace, but are unable to grant any boons in exchange. The play opens with a festival occasion, and visitors and citizens discuss the strange custom of the monarch. One offers a positive theory that the King is hideous in appearance, and that is why he remains in obscurity. An aged sage remarks that this individual fashions his idea of the King after what he sees in his own mrror—a rather neat touch. A rather grand individual, though without retinue, appears, and proclaiming himself King, is so received, and the word is passed about that the King has decided to show himself to his people at this festival. Only the ancient sage doubts, and when he learns of the manner in which sycophants are surrounding the pretender remarks, "No beggar will ever know the King. The greater beggar appears like the King to the lesser beggar." Now, it has been suggested that the King may be taken as the symbol of God. His people cannot know him, and yet they are ruled by him; men consider him as resembling themselves, so that a man of evil nature creates in his mind a hideous God; false gods arise, receive homage, make large promises; and the stern Oriental idea of knowing God, not through his generosity but by man's own merit, finds expression in the words of the sage which have been quoted. So that, if the play closed here we might think, as one English critic has suggested, that the drama has to do with the relation of man and his God. But there is nothing so obvious about "The King of the Dark Chamber."

In the second act there comes first the dialogue, in the dark chamber, between the Queen and a servant. Now who is this bride of the King, if our allegory is to continue? Try the Biblical figure, and call her the church. Then why is it that the Queen has never seen the King, and never has been with him excepting in this dark chamber? Surely the church cannot be said never to have come face to face, allegorically speaking, with its Founder. Moreover, the servant, Surangama, has seen the King ("I will not call him handsome. And it is because he is not beautiful that he is so wonderful, so superb, so miraculous!") and is extremely sensitive to his thoughts and his approach, delights in serving him, though once she hated him because he had driven from the country her father, a dissipated gambler. Where is now this symbolism of God and man? Who is this humble maid who knows the King better than does his own Queen? At this point Tagore violates, as Maeterlinck often violated in his earlier plays, the one and only rule governing the use of this form of literature. The symbol is useful just so long as it interprets, by throwing upon an abstract idea the light of a concrete condition, or vice versa. But just so soon as the symbol becomes a puzzle to the mind of average intelligence, it loses its value. I would hesitate to pass so arbitrary a judgment upon the work of a Nobel prize-winner, had I not been searching for many weeks to find someone who can interpret this tangle. So, to return to the story. The King comes—he is invisible throughout the play—and the Queen asks that she may see him:

QUEEN: Why do you not allow me to see you in the light?

KING: So you want to see me in the midst of a thousand things in broad daylight! Why should I not be the only thing you can feel in this darkness?

QUEEN: But I must see you—I am longing to have a sight of you.

KING: You will not be able to bear the sight of me—it will only give you pain, poignant and overpowering.

QUEEN: How can you say that I shall be unable to bear your sight? Oh, I can feel even in this dark how lovely and wonderful you are: why should I be afraid of you in the light? But tell me, can you see me in the dark?

KING: Yes, I can.

QUEEN: What do you see?

KING: I see the darkness of the infinite heavens, whirled into life and being by the power of my love, has drawn the light of a myriad stars into itself, and incarnated itself in a form of flesh and blood. And in that form, what aeons of thought and striving, untold yearnings of limitless skies, the countless gifts of unnumbered seasons!

QUEEN: Am I so wonderful, so beautiful? When I hear you speak so, my heart swells with gladness and pride. But how can I believe the wonderful things you tell me? I cannot find them in myself!

KING: Your own mirror will not reflect them—it lessens you, limits you, makes you look small and insignificant. But could you see yourself mirrored in my own mind, how grand you would appear! In my own heart you are no longer the daily individual which you think you are—you are verily my second self.

This has a certain lyric beauty, but it is not enlightening. At length, the Queen declares that if the King will but give her the opportunity, she knows she will recognize him among thousands. He promises to show himself again and again in the crowd of people at the festival that night, and she may look for him. Comes the third act with the festival scene, and three visiting kings, Avanti, Kanchi and Koshala, who realize that the masquerading king of the first act is an imposter, and force him to lend his aid to their plans, on pain of exposure. Their plan is nothing less than the abduction of the Queen, whose eagerness to see her King causes her to become an easy victim. She is looking out over the crowd, sees the handsome masquerader in the guise of a king, and sends him a garland of flowers. Prompted by the quick Kanchi he sends, in return, his necklace. When the Queen learns of his ineptitude she is humiliated, and wants to throw away the gift, but cannot. Kanchi sets fire to the garden and flames spread to the palace. The Queen comes flying to the pretender, pleading to be saved, and he, in his terror, confesses that he is no king. In her despair the Queen throws herself into the burning palace, but in a manner not explained, finds herself safely in the dark chamber, with the real King, who assures her that now she will be safe.

Meanwhile, the Queen, in the turmoil, has seen the King, and discovers that he is "black like the everlasting night," "as the threatening storm-cloud," "as the shoreless sea with the spectral red tint of twilight on its tumultuous waves." She cannot endure the though of existence as his Queen, and he tells her she is free to go. As she is about to do so the enlightened maid who knows the King, insists upon accompanying her, although her life is in the service of the King, but she says, with finality: "O, my Queen, I have made all your good and all your evil my own as well; will you treat me as a stranger still? I must go with you." So the Queen goes to the city where her father reigns as King of Kanya Kubja, and receives no cordial welcome, but is informed that the only terms upon which she can come home is to work as a servant. In her bitterness she reviles her King and everyone else, and in the midst of the tirade there comes Kanchi, still bent upon his abduction, pretending his mission is to release her from the servitude in which her father has placed her. Several other princes are on a like mission, overcome the Queen's father, and place the decision as to which she will choose up to her. But while they are waiting, word comes that the real King has arrived to do battle, and the Kanchi allies are defeated. Still, however, the King does not come to claim the Queen he has saved, and she is too proud to go in search of him.

At last, her abasement is complete, and full of humility the Queen starts back on foot to humble herself before her King. Her spirit is chastened beyond belief—she will not accept the aid of a chariot, and to her the light of dawn is a more glorious welcome than if her King had sent out a great retinue to escort her to him. They meet in the dark chamber, and the Queen no longer demands, but only asks that she may be privileged to serve, and with this interesting passage the play ends:

QUEEN: Lord, do not give me back the honor which you once did turn away from me! I am the servant of your feet—I only seek the privilege of serving you.

KING: Will you be able to bear me now?

QUEEN: Oh, yes, yes, I shall. Your sigh repelled me because I had sought to find you in the pleasure garden, in my Queen's chambers; there even your meanest servant looks handsomer than you. That fever of longing has left my eyes forever. You are not beautiful, my lord—you stand beyond all comparisons!

KING: That which can be comparable with me lies within yourself.

QUEEN: If this be so, then that too is beyond comparison. Your love lives in me—you are mirrored in that love, and you see your face reflected in me: nothing of this is mine, it is all yours, O lord!

KING: I open the doors of this dark room today—the game is finished here! Come, come with me now, come outside—into the light!

QUEEN: Before I go, let me bow at the feet of my lord of darkness, my cruel, my terrible, my peerless one!

Now, whatever may be said about this drama, the obscurity of its meaning and the elusiveness of its imagery, at least it cannot be placed in the category of trivialities. There are in it many passages of noble beauty, such as the one just quoted, and if the reader is not too keenly bent upon interpreting the story he will find in it a flavor of oriental mysticism which will well repay a reading. The principal objection is that Tagore, to my mind, was in error in adopting the dramatic form for this work. The drama must stand for clarity of thought and directness of expression, or it is going to lose its distinctiveness. The drama is, essentially, a work to be presented at one sitting and understood then and there, or at least sufficiently so that the audience, or the reader, will take away from it the expression that the author desired, even though the full fruition of the idea may not come until later.

It is when we enter the realm of true poetry that we do not make such a definite demand for clarity. It is the mission of poetry to suggest—not photograph. The man who wants to be able to transpose his verse into plain prose, has no right to enter the holy of holies with the dreamers. That is why Browning is sneered at by many and not appreciated by others. The mind which is incapable of receiving an impression which is not placed before it mathematically, four-square to the points of the compass, in words of one syllable each, has no business with poetry. So with this in mind, "The King of the Dark Chamber" may be rather an error in the form of expression, than in the substance. Yet in order to be entirely fair, I will close with the following note from the publishers:

"Rabindranath Tagore's new book, 'The King of the Dark Chamber', is a dramatic poem which will be enjoyed by those readers who only look for story interest as well as by those who like to search out the inner significance of the tale. It has to do with a king who lives in a dark room and does not show his face either to his queen or to his subjects. In fact some say that there is no king. One man impersonates him in public; his fellow monarchs try to steal his bride, and the bride herself boasts of her ability to recognize him by sight, is deceived and for a while loses home and husband. Analysis of its underlying thought reveals it to be, as Llewellyn Jones remarks in the Chicago Post, 'An allegory of the soul such as has not before been told in the English tongue.' 'The King of the Dark Chamber' is in reality a beautiful presentation of just what is involved in the approach of man to God and of God to man. Mr. Tagore does not write, however, in the fashion of the theologian, but with the subtlety and artistry of the poet. In his previous work Mr. Tagore has sung of love and of childhood; he has written of death and he has brought together hymns of surpassing charm. But 'The King of the Dark Chamber' is his most notable volume. He is there dealing with essentials, problems which perplex all men whether of the East or of the West, and to his task he has brought that spiritual insight, that symbolism and facility of expression that has been found in 'Gitanjali', 'The Crescent Moon' and 'The Gardener,' and that have made their creator one of the most widely read authors of the day."

Theaters

FRANK STAMMERS is the star of the Kolb and Dill production of "The Rollicking Girl" at the Morosco Theater this week, and he does not appear on the stage even once, nor does one person in every hundred who attended that performance know that there is such a person. Mr. Stammers is a stage director—the stage director. He is not the kind that infests the stage at rehearsals and says, "One, two, three, four—kick," though, possibly, he does that, too. Judging from results, however, he puts in a good deal of his time considering the lilies of the field, and other beautiful things, how they grow, and why they are beautiful. He is not as the stage director who sings with Wordsworth:

A chorus stumbling o'er the stage
Was just a cause for righteous rage,
And it was nothing more.

To Mr. Stammers a chorus is an opportunity for the expression of color, light and motion. Speaking of the individuals, their vocal and pulchritudinous attractions, he has no better material to handle than has any other stage director, probably, but emulates the painter (was it Whistler?) who, when asked with what he mixed his paints to obtain such remarkable results, answered "Brains." The chorus work in "The Rollicking Girl" is a perfect demonstration of the control of mind over matter. Next to Mr. Stammers, in order of merit, comes the gown which is worn by Miss Nannette Flack in her Hindoo song. Most singers, no matter how attractive, seem to jump at the Oriental costume as an excuse for vulgarity and suggestiveness. Miss Flack's costume is beautiful in lines and chaste in decorations. A woman as clever and artistic as that deserves her voice. Miss Nana Bryant is not so active in this piece as she was in its predecessor, but has one particularly good number, in which Mr. Stammers' chorus, previously mentioned, does excellent work. Percy Bronson drops in, almost incidentally, and surprises everyone by not singing—a disappointment, if his voice is still with him. James Liddy, the handsome, makes up for Mr. Bronson's omission. I have long ago ceased to try to express how completely Kolb and Dill themselves fill my soul with joy and cause me to forget for a space that I am high-brow. R. B.

Armstrong's Best Melodrama

"Alias Jimmy Valentine" is, unquestionably, Paul Armstrong's best melodrama, unless we except his "Salomy Jane," now so far in the past that it is hard to realize he wrote it. The Burbank company goes into a melodramatic performance, especially of late, with a confidence that it does not always experience concerning the more subtle varieties of drama. Therefore, this week's production of the story of the reformed burglar is entirely delightful. Forrest Stanley plays the part of Jimmy, a role which is a great deal more difficult than appears on the surface, since it entails the delineation of a broken, browbeaten convict, that of a hunted and yet hopeful released prisoner, and, finally that of a man who has found himself and risen even to a higher place in the world's esteem and his own than he had before he had begun his career of crime. It is not an easy matter to suggest all these things in the duration of a single performance, and yet Mr. Stanley approximates the achievement reached by H. B. Warner only after long study. It was a part that made Warner a star, and which strengthens the impression that Stanley has the stuff in him of which stars are made. But then, of course, there are to be no more stars, for the "system" has fallen into bad days; still there will always be a top of every heap, be the heap potatoes, or artists. Selma Paley is in one of her best moods as the guardian angel of the reformed cracksman, and really brightens the performance. Walter Catlett is a joy as usual, though he does not give the conventional picture of a burly, hulking criminal. He fulfills his function of being amusing, and that is sufficient. It is a lively show, one of the best of its kind.

Mystery at the Majestic

At the Majestic theater this week there is a badly-staged show containing a greater variety of unusual things than almost any other offering of the season, but there are only a few of these originalities which the discriminating public will enjoy. The Hindoo illusions—such as that of the youth who climbs a rope in midstage, is enveloped in a red mantle, and promptly disappears—are, for the most part, new to this part of the world, and yet the majority of them possess precisely the same element of interest as the various trunk and cabinet tricks that have been done ever since time began. It resolves itself into the simple proposition, "if you like that sort of thing, this is the sort of thing you will like." The vaudeville turns which are employed to eke out the allotted period of the performance are no great shakes, and just what was done to A. Lowinsky's ordinarily excellent orchestra to produce such fearsome sounds must remain a mystery, unless the crime results in a grand jury investigation.

Orpheum's Highly Colored Act

Red is the color of the festival season. It is the color of holly and the tissue-paper bells. The shop-windows gleam with it, and the poinsettias are particularly shameless about it. It is quite in keeping with this highly colored condition, therefore, that the Orpheum should present an act in which the company is composed almost entirely of girls with red hair. These young women have more than their hair to recommend them, however, and a good deal of the ginger that is traditionally supposed to be the birthright of the owners of Titian locks is to be noted in their work. It is just a bit of vaudeville musical comedy, with James B. Carson, a violent Hebrew impersonator, providing the plot. Trovato, a freak violinist, is one of the most popular individuals on the bill. If drunkenness is funny, Charley Howard has a funny act. Elida Morris, singing popular stuff, is much better than the average, but the same young person trying to be sentimental, is dreary. Corbett, Shepard and Donovan, three youths who sing; Sascha Piatov and Kitty Glaser with their clever dancing; Elphye Snowden with her winning ways; the Travilla brothers with their aquatic work and their seals; and seasonable music by the Frankenstein orchestra complete an average show.

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Majestic—Joseph Santley

Joseph Santley, one of the most popular of musical comedy stars, will appear at the Majestic Theater next week in Philip Bartholomae's musical production, "When Dreams Come True." Mr. Santley, in addition to having been for several years one of the most prominent players in dramatic attractions, has to his credit the creation of many modern dances, including the much discussed "Chinese Fox Trot" and "The Waltz Aviation," both of which are featured in "When Dreams Come True." That the performance is a carnival of modern dancing may be gleaned from the fact that the specialties include twenty-two separate dances, ranging from the tango to the last word in "hesitation" and "Maxixe" steps. In addition to the cast of principals there is a tango chorus of thirty-four dancers that is conceded to be one of the greatest ensemble features in present-day musical comedy. In the engagement of "When Dreams Come True" at the Majestic there will be a special matinee New Year's day, in addition to the regular Wednesday and Saturday afternoon performances.

Kolb and Dill at Morosco

Kolb and Dill have made such a hit with "The Rollicking Girl" at the Morosco that they will repeat that sparkling musical comedy another week, with Kolb in the role of the wig-maker and Dill, now almost recovered from his limp, as the newly-rich man who desires to be beautiful and whose highest ambition is to be general manager of a chorus. Scenically, musically, and from the comedy viewpoint, this is, unquestionably, one of the best things that Kolb and Dill have done in years, and the piece is meeting with the unqualified approval of the big audiences at the Morosco.

ELSIE FERGUSON, STAR OF "THE OUTCAST"

Anniversary Bill at Orpheum

At the Orpheum next week the anniversary bill will be headed by Dorothy Toye, a vocalist possessed of two voices, soprano and tenor. She uses both with equal clarity, sweetness and art. Charles Cartmell and Laura Harris reappear after a long series of London triumphs in a new offering of exclusive songs and dances. Genevieve Warner is a harp virtuoso; she is assisted by Charlotte Francis, violinist, and high class music is furnished by the pair. Asahi, with his quintette, outrank any other Japanese tricksters. Their fountain and tied thumb tricks are mystifying in the extreme. El Rey Sisters, two pretty girls, dance on skates better than most folk do without, and are handsome in form, feature and frocks beside. The holdovers include "The Red Heads" with James B. Collins and company, Trovato, and Charles Howard & Co. A feature of the orchestra music will be a repetition of that used when the Orpheum first opened here, including the "Zampa" overture, excerpts from "The Black Hussar" and the "Ernani" overture.

"Baby Mine" at Burbank

Beatrice Nichols, the charming little comedienne of the Burbank Stock company, will have one of the best opportunities of her entire engagement at that theater next week, when she plays the lead in Margaret Mayo's

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record-breaking farce comedy, "Baby Mine." This series of adventures of the young wife who, to win her husband's affection back, when it appears to be wandering, takes unto herself a baby and pretends it is her own, is one of the funniest things ever seen on the stage, and Miss Nichols is just the actress to bring out all the fine points. The piece is a constant laugh from beginning to end, and is expected to draw the largest crowds the Burbank has housed in many months.

John McCormack's Teacher

Anent the recitals to be given by John McCormack at Trinity January 5 and 12 and a matinee January 9, it world gasp, for John McCormack is the only young tenor known today who fills perfectly the purely lyric tradition.

Pantages 1915 Road Show

Pantages New Year's program is pleasing in both quality and quantity. Manager Walker announces it as the 1915 Road Show. Edgar Achison Ely and company present "Billy's Tombstone," a farce comedy with recognized quality as a mirth producer. The special added attraction of the week will be Staley-Birbeck-Staley in a musical novelty act whose settings justify the title, "The Musical Blacksmiths." Joe Lanigan, monologist, is study including Galsworthy's "Joy" and "Justice," Ibsen's "The Doll's House" and other plays equally as serious educationally, as well as comedy. Mr. MacKaye in granting permission expressed pleasure as well as somewhat of surprise at the desire of the young aspirants to the stage to study a play of this character. The production will be staged at Gamut theater by a student company composed of E. Burdell Jacobs in the role of Peter Dale, a plant wizard of the Burbank type; Herbert Cyril Coulter as Mark Freeman, his assistant, marked for an experiment in eugenics; pretty Gladys Smith as Mana, Peter's daughter, with eyes turned

LEONIE DANA AND ELLA ROCK IN "THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL" AT THE MASON NEXT WEEK

is interesting to know that it was Myles O'Reilly, a well known character in the Middle Counties of Ireland who was John McCormack's early preceptor in the art of minstrelsy and afterwards his first accompanist. In these strenuous times when even the most conscientious of the Latin singers have bent the knee to the Baal of dramaticism, one would expect to find an unsullied lyric voice only on some enchanted island where "Pagliacci" is unknown and the "Girl of the Golden West" came not in to split throats and destroy. But when such a voice is found in the comfortably Americanized throat of an Irishman, the paradox is one to make the artistic

one of those lathy individuals who need little in the way of make-up or lines to score. The Kratons, a trio of experts who play billiards, caroms and pool with hoops, and Quinn and Mitchell, two veterans of the vaudeville game in a new sidewalk comedy, "The Lemon City Land Agent," are also listed.

"Tomorrow," by Wallis Students

"Tomorrow," a drama with a constructively forward look by the great mystic dramatist, Percy MacKaye, next Monday evening, will mark the close of a noteworthy year of artistic endeavor for Wallis School of Dramatic Art, the school program of

toward "tomorrow"; Duane A. Young as Senator Julian Henshaw, "reaping the whirlwind"; Signe Larsen as Mrs. Henshaw, his mother, and a woman of yesterday; dainty little Mary Elizabeth Johnson as Rosalie, a blind child; J. Alvin Bailey, as Rev. Ignatius Spofford; Glenn Clifford Palmer, as Prof. Raeburn of University of California; Walter Findon, as Westgate, a lumberman; Genevieve Adair, as Miss Lynch, a society reporter, and a group of less advanced students in the minor roles.

Elsie Ferguson's Success

One conspicuous success of the New York season is Elsie Ferguson in "Outcast," the new play by Hubert Henry Davies, an English author who, at one time, was a San Francisco newspaper man. The play deals in quite a frank way with certain phases of London life at the present day and Miss Ferguson's achievement has been such as to cause the New York Sun, for example, to say: "Were Miss Ferguson to come here now from England or from France, in which her polished method would be as much appreciated as it is here, how loudly would she be acclaimed. But she has developed before the eyes of the public, so her great abilities are not regarded as so much out of the ordinary." Miss Ferguson has played upward of forty parts and started, when in her 'teens, in the chorus of a one-night stand company playing "The Belle of New York." After a few years in musical comedy she had a real, if not particularly important, part with the late Kyrle Bellew in "Brigadier Gerard." Following this she appeared in London with Cyril Maude in "The Earl of Pawtucket." Since then her notable successes have been in "Pierre of the Plains," "The Battle," "Such a Little Queen," her first starring venture; the revivals of "Caste," "Arizona" and "Rosedale" and her starring tours in "Dolly Madison," "The Strange Woman" and "Outcast."

Are You a Procrastinator?

"Next Christmas," a slender little story by Byron E. Veatch, is Christmassy, from its soft, friendly, limp leather cover, to its charming little romantic twist at the end. It is the story of a man who had gone west when he was a youngster, to make his fortune, and had made it. He had no relatives in the world, and so had never gone back to his old home, although he had said every year that he would go "next Christmas." Finally, he made up his mind to go, and the general good feeling that came over his whole existence from the moment of his decision to revisit the boyhood scenes causes him to waken to what he has missed. There is an old love rekindled, and various other incidents to contribute to the Christmas cheer of this unassuming story. It is a neat little gift volume. ("Next Christmas." By Byron E. Veach. Browne & Howell.)

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ONE of the largest and most pretentious weddings of the winter season was that of Miss Rosaline Eunice Merritt and Mr. Edward Paul Haupt which was celebrated Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Merritt, 99 Terrace Drive, Pasadena. About eight hundred invitations were issued for the event, which was elaborately appointed. The palatial home was massed with fragrant blossoms and greenery. Pink and white rosebuds were used in the hall where the service was read beneath a canopy of the flowers and foliage. Tiny twinkling lights peeped through the bower of roses and leaves. Other rooms were decorated in a similar manner, with an occasional tall vase of flaming American Beauty roses and sheafs of wistaria-toned orchids. The bride was attired in a gown of creamy bridal satin, made en train, and with bodice of old rose point lace. Her bridal veil was held in place by a spray of orange blossoms and her bouquet was of ivory-tinted orchids and rosebuds. Mrs. Hulett Clinton Merritt, Jr., served as matron of honor. Her gown was of white satin with draping of tulle, edged with narrow feather trimmings, and was caught in folds by tiny French pink rosebuds. She carried a shower of white rosebuds and maidenhair ferns. Miss Barbara Scoville, who came from New York to assist as maid of honor, was attired in a gown of pale pink satin with an overdrape of pink tulle. An opalescent trimming was set off by a bodice of pale rose chiffon velvet. Her bouquet was of Cecil Brunner roses. The bridesmaids' gowns were similar, being made, however, of white satin with the pink over-drape. The bridesmaids included Misses Carolina and Marguerite Winston, Edith Runyan, Gretchen Herrig, Louise Up De Graff, Kathleen Tottenham, Agnes Whitaker and Mrs. Jack Somers. Mr. Reese Llewellyn served as best man and the ushers were Lieutenant Ned Pickett, U. S. A., and Mr. John Llewellyn, Mr. Leo Haven, Mr. Herbert Lockwood, Mr. Hulett C. Merritt, Jr., Mr. Roscoe Hazard. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George Davidson of St. John's church of Los Angeles. It was followed by a supper served in the New England dining room which was transformed into a jungle of greenery for the occasion. The bridal table was arranged artistically with pink roses, lilies of the valley and filmy tulle, over which soft-shaded lights cast a beautiful glow. Later in the evening Mr. Haupt and his young bride left for a fortnight's honeymoon trip. After February 15 they will be at home at 99 Terrace Drive.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner entertained a few young folk last Saturday evening with an artistically appointed dinner at the Midwick Club. Their guests included Miss Albertine Pendleton, Miss Delight Shafer, Mr. Neil Pendleton, Mr. Paul Herron and Mr. Frank Simpson, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. James Woolwine entertained Christmas morning with a merry little breakfast party at their home at Beverly. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lombard, their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson of San Francisco and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin L. Harding. In compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson a week-end party is being given at the Crags by Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Sharpe of Wilshire boulevard. Other guests upon the occasion are Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Seaver, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Foster, Miss Emmeline Childs and Mr. William Reed. A New Year's eve celebration also is planned for the northern visitors. A party of Los Angelans including Mr. and Mrs. Lombard, Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson will motor to San Diego for this event.

Mrs. C. C. Carpenter of West Twenty-seventh street has returned from her eastern trip of six or seven weeks. She visited in New York and Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walsh of Harvard boulevard entertained Christmas day with an informal Yuletide party. Friends were asked to drop in during the afternoon and evening. Assisting in receiving the guests were Miss Virginia Walsh, the attractive daughter of the host and hostess, and their young son, Mr. Overton Walsh who is home for the holidays.

Mrs. Elon F. Willcox of 2957 Halldale avenue entertained the members of her French class with an informal breakfast Christmas morning. A miniature Christmas tree and individual favors, tied with the French colors, formed artistic decorations for the round table. Only French was spoken at the breakfast and a merry time was enjoyed. Mrs. Willcox is a charming hostess and her informal gatherings are always delightful.

Among the social events planned for New Year's will be the "watch party" which Miss Helen Montague of 3006 Leeward avenue will give at the Beverly Hills hotel, Thursday evening, December 31. The affair will begin with a dinner in the early evening. Ten guests have been invited for the occasion, among them being Mr. Otis Valentine Colin, Miss Montague's fiance, who has come down from the north to pass the holidays.

Miss Beulah Baird of Oxford boulevard will be married this evening to Mr. Ralph Eaton of Eaton, Colorado, a grandson of former Governor Eaton of that state. The young couple will make their home in Colorado.

In compliment to Mrs. Harry Dana Lombard of Beverly who with her husband recently returned from Europe, Mrs. A. C. Denman, Jr., of Hobart boulevard, entertained Tuesday with a luncheon and bridge party. The decorations were simple but artistic and the affair was an informal one.

Miss Clyde Dyas of St. Louis, who has been enjoying a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bernal H. Dyas, 630 Oxford boulevard, plans to make her home here indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Milton Lindley have returned from their wedding trip and are at home to their friends at 130 North Kingsley drive. Mrs. Lindley was Miss Alice Blust and is the daughter of Mr. Albert Blust of Magnolia avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Malcolm with their baby son, Master Roy Linden Malcolm, have moved into their new home, 457 North Serrano avenue, where they will be at home to their friends. Mrs. Malcolm is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Behymer, 623 Carondelet street, with whom she and her husband have made their home since their marriage about four years ago.

Tuesday evening Miss Eleanor MacGowan, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan of 3726 West Adams street, entertained a number of her friends at an informal dancinng party. The affair was attractively appointed and the young hostess was assisted in receiving and entertaining by her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mitchell of First street and Vermont avenue will be host and hostess at a New Year's Eve party. They will entertain their guests at a dinner-dance at the Beverly Hills hotel. Those asked for the occasion include their attractive nieces, Miss Dorothy Parry-Jones of England, and Miss Ida Selby and Mr. William Bartly.

Mrs. Philip Forve of 427 Westlake avenue has issued two hundred invitations for a Christmas party to be given at her home, Tuesday afternoon, December 29. The affair will be in the nature of a tea, guests being received between the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock.

Mrs. Edwin Janss, who has been visiting in San Francisco with her mother, Mrs. Cluff, since the first of the month, will remain over for the holidays. Mr. Janss will join his family in San Francisco for the Christmas week-end.

After-Christmas affairs will include a musical for which Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys has issued invitations. The affair will be given at the home of the hostess on West Sixth street, Tuesday, December 29.

Miss Gretchen Day, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard V. Day of 8 St. James Park, was the hostess Tuesday evening at a handsomely appointed dinner party. The Christmas colors and suggestions were effectively carried out. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bronson, Mr. and Mrs. James Sheldon Riley, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Seaver, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Powers, Mrs. Mabel Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Macfarlane, Mr. Ernest Benjamin and Mr. Judson Henderson.

Three of the season's most charming debutantes were delightfully feted Tuesday evening when Mrs. C. Q. Stanton of Andrews boulevard entertained with a dinner-dance in their honor. Those for whom the affair was given were Misses Florence Johnston, daughter of Mrs. William Thomas Johnston; Miss Mary Hughes, daughter of Mrs. Walter J. Hughes; and Miss Marie McCoy, daughter of Mrs. John C. McCoy. The house was artistically arranged with Christmas holly and foliage and bright crimson satin ribbons and tulle added to the effective decoration. Places at the table were set for twenty members of the younger set. Mrs. Stanton was assisted by Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. McCoy.

Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet will entertain with a "tea dansant" at the Los Angeles Country Club this evening in compliment to her niece, Miss Delight Shafer. This will be followed by a number of small dinner parties, one dinner-dance of twenty-six being planned by Miss Daphne Drake for Miss Shafer. Miss Eleanor Workman, who is home from school for the holidays, will entertain this evening, also, her guests including a number of the young college set, who are passing the holidays here with their parents.

Under the title "Lands Forlorn" George M. Douglass tells the story of eighteen months passed in the barren arctic regions of the Coppermine River, in the course of which he and his companions did exploring and had much sport and excitement. The book will be published this month by the Putnams.

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With the Reel Drama

WILLIAM E. WING, scenarist for the Selig Polyscope Company, has written a clever satire on the manner in which the moving picture censors of Chicago handle the films that come before them. The skit was designed for the delectation of the profession in The Script, so it must be understood that where there is a portion of the action which, for physical, moral, or other reasons, cannot be thrown upon the screen, it is suggested by a sub-title. In the following scenario Mr. Wing has stated reasons for abandoning the original scene, and given the substitute wording to fill the hiatus in the story:

Scene 1. Interior parlor. Lillian St. Claire, beautiful belle, is holding out her hands pleadingly to her father, Edmund St. Claire, begging him to take her to Coney.

Scene 2. Scene censored because thug used hairpin instead of dynamite to break through door. (Sub-title.) Black Dugan abducts Lillian St. Claire, drags her to his lair and informs her he will not marry her unless she returns to her father and obtains $10,000,000 and a cold lunch. Lillian sadly departs on the mission, and pleads with her father.

Scene 3. Same as Scene 1.—Lillian holding out hands pleadingly to father.

Scene 4. Scene censored because theft is shown when Lillian steals ham sandwich from millionaire. (Sub-title.) Lillian fails in her mission and Dugan forces her to aid him in a robbery which is discovered by the police, who send Dugan to prison, Lillian escaping to her home, where she pleads for forgiveness.

Scene 5. Same as Scene 1.—Lillian holding out hands pleadingly to father.

Scene 6. Scene censored on ground of reflection upon the police, members of the force employed in picture unfortunately being homely specimens. (Sub-title.) The police trail Lillian to her home, but cannot believe that one so young and fair can be guilty. They leave her still pleading with her father.

Scene 7. Same as Scene 1.—Lillian holding out hands pleadingly to father.

Scene 8. Censored because of cruelty toward a blonde. (Sub-title.) The stern father drives Lillian away. She wanders for days, friendless and thirsty. Hearing that her father is dead she tangoes home to find it a false report. She pleads for a little smile.

Scene 9. Same as Scene 1.—Lillian holding out hands pleadingly to father.

Scene 10. Censored because the imitation revolver used might frighten children and the bass drummer. (Sub-title.) Black Dugan escapes from prison and hastens to shoot up and otherwise annoy Lillian and her father, but, as he is about to fire, he slips on a banana peeling, and dies, while Lillian pleads with her father for just one kind word.

Scene 11. Same as Scene 1.—Lillian holding out hands pleadingly to father.*

*Close of picture censored for fear that forgiveness might lead some angel child to follow Lillian's example.

Progressive Film Drama

Another of the progressive motion picture dramas evolved by D. W. Griffith was shown in Los Angeles last week, "The Battle of the Sexes," at the Republic Theater. The theme of this story is not new, but I doubt if it has been done so impressively in film before. A prosperous man tires of his middle-aged wife, and seeks the diverting company of a woman of, at least, unconventional character. He is brought back to his home through finding his daughter in the apartments of his inamorata, and being made to believe that she is seeking the same sort of life as that of the woman with whom he is infatuated. Now, the weakness of the picture lies in two points—one the execrable acting of the adventuress, so overdone as to suggest nothing of the siren who could captivate a "tired business man," but rather the sort to stimulate the imagination of a callow youth just out of high school. The other objection is to the logic of the drama in its final scenes, which are obviously constructed for the sake of the happy ending, from which the film has not yet emancipated itself, and has still to learn the lesson of the regular stage. But there is, in this picture, a distinct advantage in the handling of a difficult development of character, which less enlightened directors would have left to the paragraphs—or sub-titles of explanation. This is found in the acting of Mary Alden as the wife, and, to a lesser degree, in that of Lillian Gish, as the daughter.

Upon discovering that she is losing her husband's love, the wife passes hours alone, thinking, brooding, unable to bear the presence of her daughter, and finally arrives at a condition bordering upon insanity. Now, it is obvious that the film cannot be run along hours, minutes, or even more than a few seconds, to suggest this lapse of time and development of character. Yet, Director Griffith has succeeded, by subtle suggestion, and yet made plain enough even for the cheap vaudeville house audience, in showing that this is no momentary fit of despondency, but a progression covering a considerable period of time. Similarly with the suggestion which comes to the daughter, to take the life of the woman who has come between her parents. This is done so deftly that it does not bring the shock which ordinarily would accompany the idea of a young girl setting out to kill. As a drama it does not carry anything like the appeal of Mr. Griffith's other recent work, but in it he again shows that he is looking for new ideas and methods of expression.

It is interesting to learn that this film was created in between two sections of "The Escape." Certain members of the company fell ill, and to keep the others busy while waiting for the recovery of these, Mr. Griffith rewrote to his own liking this scenario, which had been submitted in another form and accepted. It is probable that, had the film to be made over now, there are a goodly number of changes which would be made in it, but as a milestone in the progress of the silent drama it is one of the most interesting of recent offerings.

Trinity Auditorium Pictures

At Trinity Auditorium, "The Life of Our Saviour," with its musical setting, will continue throughout the coming week both afternoon and evening with extra musical offerings New Year's afternoon and night, closing on Saturday eveninng, January 2. Among the striking scenes may be enumerated the flight into Egypt; the Master in the temple, his baptism in the River Jordan, walking upon the water, healing the crippled, making the blind see, raising the dead, converting the water into wine, the Last Supper, His betrayal by Judas, Christ before Pilate, trudging up the mount with the cross, the crucifixion, the descent from the cross, the burial, the resurrection, with the disciples on the mountain, the ascension, and the apotheosis.

Film Drama at Miller's

Beginning Monday the program headliner at Miller's will be C. Haddon Chambers' powerful drama, "The Idler." The plot of this remarkable play in a paragraph is as follows: "Infatuated with the wife of his friend, a young man of wealth and position is ready to go to almost any lengths to win her for his own. Through his knowledge of incriminating circumstances involving the husband he attempts to persuade her to elope with him. At this point the husband intervenes and a denouement ensues, startling in its dramatic intensity. Theater-goers everywhere are familiar with the following, all of whom appear in this production: Charles Richman, Catherine Countiss, Claire Whitney, Stuart Holmes, Walter Hitchcock and Maud Turner Gordon.

Diversions at Coronado

With dancing Christmas, Matinee Dansants, the opening of the club grill and the New Year's Eve ball at Hotel del Coronado, together with the polo season opening at the Coronado Country Club New Year's Day, things are buzzing in the South.

Army and Navy circles are growing larger each day, with the U. S. S. San Diego and the U. S. torpedo flotilla in the harbor, and the arrival of Lieutenants Ira A. Rader, Harry Gantz, A. R. Christie and Edgar L. Gorrell at the U. S. Aviation Camp.

Many from Los Angeles and Pasadena will go down to Coronado for the opening of the Exposition and attend the festivities, remaining over the week end for the first game of polo. The following well-known players will participate: For the Midwick Club of Pasadena, Carleton Burke, Robert G. Neustadt, C. Perry Beadleston, and Hugh Drury; for Coronado, Major G. Colin Ross, Reggie Weiss, Harry Weiss and J. Langford Stack. Many will entertain at the Country Club following the game; among the hostesses will be Mrs. Walter Hamlin Dupee, whose husband is mounting some of the players with speedy ponies from his Edgemore Ranch. Mr. and Mrs. Dupee and their children are still at Hotel del Coronado, pending the completion of their magnificent residence on Ocean Boulevard, which will be one of the show places of California.

Society is deeply interested in the Chinese Costume Ball to be held at the hotel the evening of January twenty-third, and patterned after the wonderful ball given in Newport this summer by Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont in honor of her daughter, the Duchess of Marlborough. Many of the costumes and draperies, of great value, have been secured for this ball. The Ta-Tao, Chin-Chin, an LeMandarino Polka will be danced by members of the younger set to oriental music, which has never been heard in California before. The ball is to be under the direction of Mr. William Ramsey Heberhart who promises that it will surpass even the famous Turkish Ball of last season.

Mr. J. Langford Stack and Mr. C. Perry Beadleston, both noted polo players, have arrived and are practicing each day at the Coronado Club fields.

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By W. Francis Gates

JUST now the story about Beethoven's dedication of his Third Symphony is as interesting to the general public as is the music. And a large audience heard at it at the second series of concerts given by the local symphony orchestra at Trinity Auditorium, last week. In the latter part of his life, Beethoven said that it was at the suggestion of General Bernadotte, at the time ambassador of France at Vienna, that he dedicated his third symphony to Bonaparte. It was written between 1802 and 1804. At that time Bonaparte was proving the savior of France from the ruins of the revolution. A copy of the work was made, dedicated and sent to Bernadotte. Then Beethoven learned that Bonaparte had accepted the title of Emperor. He dashed his copy of the score on the floor, tearing off the title page, and sent to the ambassador to recover the one intended for the new emperor. Instead of "To Bonaparte" he substituted "Composed to celebrate the memory of a great man."

This symphony was the main work of the symphony orchestra last week. It is marked by the critical writers as the work in which Beethoven first showed his full and complete genius. It is a work full of beauties of form and melody. It is one of the foundation stones of modern music. And yet, to the modern ear it is long and prolix. Your true modern does not say "Let us examine the foundation stones of your structure, let us inspect every joint of your art work." No, rather he says, "Of course, your art has foundation, of course, it has proper structure. Let us take that for granted. Now, let us get its impression on the individual; what does it say to you, to me? Let us not analyze, let us enjoy." And so, this great work of Beethoven—not in all parts played in a style which shows the Tandler forces at their best—gives one the effect of length, and yet more length, beauty too long drawn out. Beethoven is more for the analyst than for the one who wants impressions. To see how the best class of musicians feel about this I asked four at this concert, "Which would you rather hear, a Beethoven or a Tschaikowsky concerto?" Three voted in favor of the Russian—and the man who voted for Beethoven I never had seen at a symphony concert before.

Other numbers at the symphony concert were the Debussy "Afternoon of a Faun," which I believe was the fourth time this iridescent work has been given at these concerts, the third time in a year, if I remember right, probably the only record of its kind in this orchestra; and the overture to Smetana's "Bartered Bride" opera. The performance of the latter was the most commendable work of the program. The soloist was S. R. Valenza, a harpist of unusual skill, playing a harp concerto by Parish-Alvars. I never have heard better harp playing than on this occasion. Mr. Valenza proved himself the equal of Schueker or any of the eastern orchestra harpists. It is a credit to our organization that it includes such artists as Mr. Valenza. The attendance on these concerts was large, possibly 1500 to 1700 at each event.

Handel's "Messiah" is a recurrent musical disease which strikes a choral society about November of each year and comes to a head generally within a week of Christmas. I have somewhat of the feeling of Director Brueschweiler, only I am not so radical as he. I contend that it should be given as a historical curiosity about once a decade; he, that it should be relegated at once to the limbo of history and the unused shelves. It is a splendid example of the music of the contrapunctal era but if one picks out about three choruses and as many solos one has exhausted its modern interest. For the student of contrapunctal construction it is a huge lesson; it marks an era in musical history. But is that any reason why it should be presented—to the exclusion of works which have modern spirit and human feeling? "Precedent," seems to be the answer to the question, "Why?" For nearly 175 years it has been given at Yuletide; therefore, sing it again. In the largest cities, there always is a sufficient audience to enjoy the work, always a new crop of students to reinforce those who want to hear again the work they heard in their youth. But not so in the cities of medium size.

Yet Los Angeles turned out a fair sized audience to hear the "Messiah" last Sunday afternoon, given by the Los Angeles Oratorio Society, conducted by Frederick Brueschweiler. Considering the slobbering rain of all day, the audience may be even said to have been "good." This society was formed about one month ago by the amalgamation of two weaker bodies, and it placed on the stage about 175 choristers and an orchestra of forty, combined with the large organ of Temple Auditorium. Mr. Brueschweiler has been directing the society for the period named and no one knew better than he the impossibility of giving a presentable performance of "The Messiah" with a practically raw chorus in one month's drill. But the management of the society was obdurate, I am told, and in spite of a plea for three or four months' more of drill on the work, it was insisted the performance be given before Christmas. The result it may be well to cover with the mantle of sweet charity. At its first entrance the chorus showed its unpreparedness and throughout the work the fact was emphasized on every other page. Attacks were uncertain, phrases were missing, runs were blurred—but why catalogue these things that are a part of the early work of a new chorus and which should be obliterated by practice—years, if necessary—before a chorus is brought into public.

By this, it must not be understood that the writer is out of sympathy with the chorus as such, with the aims of the management or the efforts of the director. It is a fine thing for a management to have an aim—but it should put in more months at aiming and not shoot off the performance with the gun half-cocked. This chorus seems to be the one hope Los Angeles has in the way of mixed voice choral performances. What it did with the "Messiah" shows what it might do—next Christmas. While the work is essentially an English oratorio, and I do not think Mr. Brueeschweiler goes at it in the traditional English oratorio style, nevertheless, in him the singers have a capable and patient drillmaster and it is to be hoped they will submit to his guidance until presentable results can be shown. Other bodies will practice at such a composition for two or three years before they risk a public performance. Giving such a work is taking on an artistic burden and a responsibility to the public and to the memory of the composer. A chorus has no artistic right to put before the public a presentation of a master work that is incomplete, hastily prepared or inadequate. However, here's to the Los Angeles Choral Society! Long may it practice, much may it achieve, may it keep all its enthusiasm and grow in numbers.

Another thing that it seems impossible—in the light of finances—or the absence of finances—to overcome. That is the lack of sufficient orchestral rehearsals. For rehearsals the orchestra must be paid. Who is to do it? The public? Who knows whether there will be any public at the concert (in Los Angeles)? Consequently, the "Messiah" is put on with but one orchestral rehearsal, and that the morning of the performance. The result may be imagined. Mr. Brueschweiler has not been in Los Angeles more than a year. He had not learned the wierd things a local orchestra can do to an oratorio score on one or two rehearsals. He knows now. The cause was that the men did not know what the director wanted at various points or what twists of tempo the soloists were going to take. The soloists expected to sing as they preferred and that the orchestra of course would be with them. But the result was foretold 173 years ago by Handel when he incorporated in his text the words "Every one to his own way." At the "Messiah" performance the soloists were Mrs. Frank H. Colby, Alice Lohr, G. Haydn Jones and Fred C. McPherson. Mr. Jones is an experienced hand at oratorio. Mrs. Colby made her debut in oratorio performance on this occasion. And mention of the excellent work of Ray Hastings at the organ must not be omitted.

If it is true that the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra will combine with the Lyric and the Ellis clubs for a performance of the Beethoven Ninth symphony, this will produce a performance that will reach high water mark of local concert giving. These vocal bodies can put a force of 200 singers on the platform and the orchestra numbers about sixty. If the best voices of the Los Angeles Choral Society were added, the number might be augmented to 300 singers. Each conductor could get his forces rehearsed in their separate meetings and with five or six joint rehearsals the affair could be produced. It has been remarked that the baritone solo in the center of the work is the bridge which Beethoven used to join orchestra with chorus. I wonder who will be on the bridge? It is rather easy to guess.

One of the most interesting recitals of the season among local musicians was that given Thursday evening of last week by the Fuhrer-Zielinski trio, Miss Mercedes Ciesielska, soprano, and H. E. King, tenor, at the Conservatory hall, Mozart Theater building. It was an entire evening of northern music—Scandinavian, Finnish and Danish, the big number being a trio by Otto Malling for piano, 'cello and violin. This was played with all the fire and color that one expects of the impetuous northern music, with its plainly folk origin, and yet there was an esthetic fineness about it which was a delight to the cultured ear. Miss Lucy Fuhrer, the 'cellist of the trio, is well versed in the depths of her instrument, and produces a "lifting" sensation that char-

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ALEX MITCHELL, Receiver.
Non-Coal.

acterizes the best of the violoncello effects. Her sister, Miss Bessie R. Fuhrer, has excellent command over the violin intricacies, and plays with much spirit. Mr. Zielinski inclines toward impetuosity in his accompaniments, but as a member of the ensemble his piano reading is scholarly. Miss Ciesielska sang several unconventional songs, one of them in Danish, with her customary understanding and sympathy. Mr. King was unfortunate in his selection of a rather dry Grieg cycle, "Reminiscences from Mountain and Fiord," one of the less happy attempts of the great Norwegian to be dramatic, rather than lyric. It was a delightful evening, however, and suggested what a wealth of music there is in the northland, almost unknown to the general public.

Friends of Arthur Alexander were glad to welcome him this week. Mr. Alexander was for several years organist at Christ church and later at the English church in Paris. For two months after the war began Mr. Alexander ran an automobile for the French Red Cross service and then came to America. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander buried their third child about three weeks ago and the parents feel their bereavement keenly. Mr. Alexander expects to pass about a month in Los Angeles.

While the larger Belgian and Red Cross beneficial affairs occupy the public attention, there are many more modest attempts to help suffering in Europe, of which efforts the general public is ignorant. The other day I learned of one in this line managed by a young music teacher, Lillian Powers, who is giving a number of concerts at modest admission prices and sending the proceeds to a church for which she used to be organist in her student days in Vienna. This gives a closer touch to the charity than putting one's dollar or dime with a half million others and not knowing where it is going. It seems to the writer that even smaller affairs of the sort could be arranged, say parlor musicales with a collection, and the proceeds of a series of these sent to a specified locality, church or school. After the holidays many a performer and hostess could collect welcome dollars by such neighborhood musicales and relieve much suffering.

Musicians of South Pasadena were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Babcock, Stratford Ave., Tuesday night of last week. The affair took the nature of a private recital by Raoul LaParra who played a number of interesting compositions with explanatory remarks.

At her home at the Regent, Park View Ave., Virginia Goodsell gave a highly interesting program of songs Dec. 17, the most of which seldom are heard on recital programs. Miss Goodsell duplicated her recent success at the Gamut Club and was assisted by capable performers in piano and elocution.

"Nothing But the Truth"

What trouble a man can get himself into by telling the truth is the point of a new novel by Frederic Isham, "Nothing but the Truth." The story would lead one to suppose that the elect in New York are so pampered on soft lies and flattery that a fellow condemns himself hopelessly by saying what he thinks. Maybe that is so but it possesses little fictional interest as Mr. Isham's startling, but dull book, proves. One could with difficulty find a story more foreign to realities than this. ("Nothing But the Truth." By Frederic S. Isham Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

THERE is still one more week of the exhibition and sale of sketches by the members of the California Art Club at the Blanchard Gallery, which will come to a lively ending New Year's eve with a "progressive auction" and a gathering to meet the incoming year. There are to be a few surprises also, that are being guarded jealously by the committee, comprising H. E. Wolf, Val Costello and U. S. Royar. Meanwhile, the interesting display is attracting a large number of visitors daily, and many a Christmas present will consist of one of these attractive pictures. As suggested last week, this is an exhibition of which it is not easy to write, since it has no particular, central, artistic idea, but is the expression of the feeling of sympathy on the part of local artists for their brethren in Europe who are suffering on account of the conditions there. So one can only go about and touch the high lights, praying not to have overlooked a masterpiece or a friend.

In addition to those mentioned last week, there are a goodly number of unusually interesting sketches. One—it should not be classed as a sketch, moreover—is a watercolor by the late Norman St. Clair, donated by Mrs. St. Clair. It is a lovely little thing, typical of the esthetic feeling of this artist for the fine aspects of common landscapes. It is a nook in the hills, which have put on their late summer garb of sober brown, but still expressing their unceasing spirit of life through the heterogeneous array of patches of green of live-oaks. It is purely decorative, and decoratively pure. Near by are two sketches in red and black chalk by Hamilton Achille Wolf who, by the way, has consented to make portraits of a limited number of persons, at a nominal price, and donate the money to the fund toward which all the receipts from sales of the pictures on exhibition are to go. He also has presented two wood engravings by his father, Henry Wolf, who, with Timothy Cole, appears to be the sole important survivor in this art.

Of etchings there are four specimens which will interest the admirers of this branch of the pictorial arts. One of these, by Marian Holden Pope, is a study in boats and shadows, the glossy undulations of a calm afternoon being effectively suggested. W. A. Sharpe is represented by two etchings, one of them, a woodland path, being attractive for its cool depth. Rafael Montalboddi has donated the only dry-point of the display, a study in the nude. Among the other individual offerings the following attracted a great deal of attention.

Max Weiczorek's study of willows in Central Park, New York, which was shown in the Tiffany collection not long ago in the east; John O'Shea's striking treatment of a slender eucalyptus dominating a field of brightest green; Ralph Davidson Miller's somewhat gloomy foothill study, with low-hung clouds in the distance, relieved and emphasized by a white enamel frame, severely plain; Harry Bailey's two studies of horses, suggestions of what this young man could do if he were not so busily occupied with commercial illustration and designing. At the progressive auction, New Year's eve, a minimum price will be placed upon all the unsold pictures, and men from various clubs will officiate as auctioneers, in turn.

There is a strong plea for the decorative in painting in an article in the International Studio for December on Robert Vonnoh and his wife, Bessie Potter Vonnoh, by Charles L. Buchanan. The writer points out that painting seems to be the one remaining subject in which one is accused of fogeyism if one maintains similar viewpoints to those he holds in respect to other matters. In decorations, clothing, food, fineness of instinct is accorded the highest respect, but in the matter of painting false gods have arisen, in Mr. Buchanan's view, and the Vonnohs he advances as excellent types of the estheticism he mourns. I. G. McAllister writes interestingly of the rise of a British sculptor, Charles Sargent Jagger, and the illustrations accompanying the sketch, in black and white and monotones, display a sense of the dramatic on the part of this artist that is quite remarkable. Other features of special interest are a group of views of the San Francisco exposition architecture, and an article on Gwelo Goodman, a South African painter, the reproductions of several of whose landscapes are unusual. The exhibitions discussed are the fifty-third of the Royal Glasgow Institute, National Gallery of New South Wales, and the Chicago Art Institute annual, the latter by John Lane himself. There is a striking collection of twelve photographs of "Monuments of Flemish Architecture" taken by the late Sir Benjamin Stone, of special interest. Altogether this is a particularly beautiful issue of this handsome publication.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Friday, December 18

WAR NEWS: England appoints Sultan of Egypt * * * Russians in flight in Poland * * * Deadlock all all along the line in Flanders.

GENERAL: Five deaths from cold in middle west * * * Eastern railroads are granted increase in freight rates * * * Seattle to drive out I. W. W. * * * Reign of terror at Naco to be subject of conference between Maytorena and U. S. authorities.

HEREABOUTS: California housing commission frames plan for municipal lodging houses and for handling of unemployed.

Saturday, December 19

WAR NEWS: Germans fail in attempt to cross the Vistula * * * Germans believed to be preparing to evacuate Antwerp.

GENERAL: Steamer Coos Bay is wrecked off Ventura wharf * * * Carranza forces at Agua Prieta are cut off.

HEREABOUTS: Estimated that Christmas shopping for the day reached $1,000,000 * * * Plan for control of flood waters placed before legislative committee.

Sunday, December 20

WAR NEWS: Russians halt German advance in Poland * * * British battleship Thunderer sunk by mine or torpedo * * * Riots against Austrians in Italy.

GENERAL: Villa said to be ordering wholesale executions of Carranza followers * * * Chairman Hilles of National Republican committee says next President, house and senate will be Republican * * * Eugene Zimmerman of Cincinnati dies * * * New volcano breaks out near Lassen.

HEREABOUTS: Churches working out a plan to take care of the poor * * * Many wealthy people coming here to pass winter, instead of going to Europe.

Monday, December 21

WAR NEWS: Too cold in Poland even for Russians to fight * * * Greece and Roumania about to join Allies, is belief * * * Anti-war demonstrations in Hungary.

GENERAL: Strike threatened by engineers on western railroads * * * Money rates lowest since last February * * * Volcanic eruption near Lassen proves to be only spectacular snow-storm.

HEREABOUTS: W. M. Alexander, retired lawyer, killed by burglars * * * Storms in mountains swell local streams * * * Contest of Arizona's prohibition law is begun in federal courts here * * * Teachers institute meetings begin.

Tuesday, December 22

WAR NEWS: Fighting resumed in Poland and Germans are nearing Warsaw * * * Allies gain ground slowly in Flanders.

GENERAL: Hobson's prohibition amendment defeated in the house, the vote being 197 for and 189 against, and a two-thirds vote being required * * * Zapata shoots Carranza's train with a locomotive, but Carranza escapes.

HEREABOUTS: Youth is arrested and confesses to Alexander murder, in which he had an accomplice, who also was arrested.

Wednesday, December 23

WAR NEWS: Russians moving in force upon Cracow * * * Kaiser and staff on way to western war front * * * Rates of insurance against Italian participation in the war go to 31½ per cent * * * French chamber of deputies adopts $1,700,000,000 war budget.

GENERAL: Congress adjourns to December 29 * * * Heaviest rains in history of Arizona cause great damage.

HEREABOUTS: Mayor Rose announces he will name new city prosecutor Thursday * * * John D. Rockefeller gives $150,000 to Pomona College endowment fund * * * Posse engaged in battle in San Fernando hills with slayer of Marshall W. D. Smith.

Macmillans have ready Morris A. Brisco's "Economics of Efficiency," which discusses the various phases and factors of industry from the point of view of the principles of efficiency.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles.

ACTION BROUGHT IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES AND THE COMPLAINT FILED IN SAID COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES, IN THE OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF SAID SUPERIOR COURT.

B 18417—Department 13

C. E. Newlee, Plaintiff vs. Nellie May Newlee, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send Greetings to: Nellie May Newlee, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 11th day of November A. D., 1914.

(Superior Court Seal)

H. J. LELANDE, Clerk.

By F. J. ADAMS, Deputy Clerk.

RALPH A. CHASE,
403 H. W. Hellman Building,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Books

"GERMAN Masters of Art" is the title of a fine book for artists, not merely creators, but appreciators of art, by Helen A. Dickinson, in which the motive is thus expressed by the author: "This mounting interest (in the treasure-houses of art scattered throughout the German Empire) seems to demand a complete and unified history of the development of German painting." So the development is divided into three general schools, Cologne, Swabia and Nuremberg, which are found to be, not merely geographical, but marked by certain distinct characteristics, which are thus broadly stated: "The art of the school of Cologne is, in the main, dreamy and lyric, that of Swabia is narrative or illustrative art and that of Nuremberg is virile, impassioned and dramatic." It is no slight task thus to synthesize into three cohesive divisions, in a single volume, the art work of a nation in which painting has so long and distinguished a history as in Germany. Of course, painting in Germany had the same source as in Italy, but its earliest flights are not so well known, as their appeal is historical rather than sympathetic. At the birth of this art, Italy was ready for it with a culture inherited from the East; Germany had merely the religious fervor of a country newly converted to an entire change of fundamental philosophy, and so could not be expected to produce work of such spiritual beauty. Behind Italian painters were generations of lovers of the beautiful in art; they of Germany came from the unhewn forests and the stern conditions of life which, to that time, had admitted little opportunity for culture. Thus it is that those paintings of the early German schools which are original in conception, and not the outgrowth of a desire to emulate the Italian masters, are seldom such as to appeal to the modern eye which finds in the wonderful frescoes and canvases of the south a perfection which is still the standard for many artists. It is not until we reach the era of the younger Holbein of "The Man With the Carnations" fame, that German art begins to develop a distinctiveness of its own, freeing itself from the slavishly sacerdotal and taking upon itself the spirit of its own time and place. It is to this point that Mrs. Dickinson carries her analysis, Albrecht Durer occupying a position in the Nuremberg division similar to that of Holbein in Swabia. And Durer, possibly, is most interesting of all, for in him the struggle to escape from the thrall of tradition is expressed most strikingly, as is apparent at a glance in a comparison of the "Virgin and Child in a Landscape," in which the artist plainly was interested solely in certain technical features, with the portrait of Hieronymus Holzschuher, in which he has crystallized the character of his subject with great impressiveness. The book is handsomely illustrated with more than one hundred plates, the reproductions being much better than the ordinary halftone work in such volumes. ("German Masters of Art," by Helen A Dickinson. Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

"Landmarks"

Until the reader has reached, say, the eighteenth chapter of "Landmarks," the season's offering by the prolific but always entertaining E. V. Lucas, he will not readily recognize the usually easy and discursive style of the author of "Mr. Ingleside," "Over Bemerton's," "The Slow-coach," "The Open Road" and other delightful stories and anthologies for which the lover of good literature holds Mr. Lucas in high regard. Rudd Sergison is discovered at the age of seven toasting crumpets, which his mother is buttering. While he feasts on them she reads aloud stories by Hans Christian Andersen—the small boy's introduction to these juvenile classics. In this way the author gives us a peep into the manner in which Rudd gets his love for literature, in which, later in life, he is to shine. Yet when at the Christmas festivities his present from his grandfather is a beautifully bound book of poetry, Rudd is so disappointed that he cries, seeing that his cousins had drawn tool-chests, and paint-boxes and similar fascinating gifts. But long after they had been broken and forgotten Rudd had his book and gloried in the pleasure it afforded him. At school we get similar glimpses of certain incidents that happen to the lad in the formation of his character, which reveal how human he is in his weaknesses and, as he progresses, how wholesome are his likes and dislikes, how clean his mind and how rational is his point of view. In brief, he is a youngster of good habits, healthy ambitions, and of more than average intelligence. His mother wants him to be a doctor, but after a fair trial he finds his metier in newspaper work and at this stage of the story Mr. Lucas strikes his natural gait, the pictures becoming more diffuse, the incidents showing more detail, the story less episodic in treatment. Keen satire, subtle humor and the literary charm that is manifest in anything Lucas touches pervade the story which while decidedly English in its habitat is full of interest for the student of human nature in any part of the civilized globe. ("Landmarks." By E. V. Lucas. The Macmillan Co.)

"You and I"

Wide in range of subject yet always emphasizing human relations is "You and I," a book of verse, by Harriet Monroe, editor of "Poetry: A Magazine of Verse." An editor is likely to be more critical of the verse of others than of her own, yet in this volume there are not many poems that would not pass a fairly good-natured editor. Most are remarkable for modernity of subject, which one would, of course, expect from editorial contact with so strictly modern a magazine. And many are poems on places, showing the author to be a sort of Sentimental Traveler. Of these, perhaps ephemeral lyrics, the best seems to be that written "In the Tuolumne Meadows":

"I love to waken at night
And whisper the stars above me,
And feel the fingering breeze.
So still is the world, so right,
Where even the black pines love me,
And the white moon guards my ease."

There is, perhaps, too frequent an intension of the personal, too pervasive a sentimentality in these descriptions of places. In Pekin or in the Hetch Hetchy, the poet is somewhat more prominent than the beauty of the place; but, of course, great poets have been guilty of the same egotism. Harriet Monroe is not narrowly bound by set forms of verse, yet her technical excellence is always high. She displays sympathy with men and women, and one poem, "The Woman," is a fine study of a young mother's attitude toward the world. Not often are there single lines of great force, though the brightness of clear thinking is constantly present. But in the first poem of the volume, "The Hotel," a description after Whitman, there are lines of pleasing terseness and vigor. These for example:

The French room, with its gilt and garlands under plump little tumbling painted loves,...
The people sitting in corners by twos and threes, and cooing together under the glare.
The long rows of silent people in chairs, watching with eyes that see not while the patient band tangles the air with music.

Such lines as these are good, and though they are not often equalled still they may go to show that the author is a keen observer, and has therefore the prime requisite of a poet. ("You and I." By Harriet Monroe. The Macmillan Co.)

"Essays on Books"

To read books is not enough; one should read also books about books, for the critical attitude toward literature is the source of a finer pleasure, at any rate an increased pleasure in reading. And if one becomes at all critical, one wishes to compare estimates with those whose opinions are entitled to consideration. William Lyon Phelps of Yale University, always praises with discrimination, as any one familiar with his essays knows, and his latest volume, "Essays on Books," will be read by all who appreciate good books. His prefatory

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chapter is an excellent analysis of that most interesting question, "The Difference Between Realism and Reality in Fiction." Then follow essays on Richardson, Jane Austen and Dickens, masters of the art of the novel who touch reality. Especially valuable is the criticism of Richardson, for he has fallen into an undeserved neglect and the greatness of his novels together with his profound influence on his successors does not now receive the recognition it deserves. There are thirteen essays in all, and each is fresh and stimulating. Mr. Phelps is not so bound by strict canons of literary excellence that he fails to be original, but his opinions are, nevertheless, reasonable and soundly grounded. Discerning appreciations, these essays might be called. ("Essays on Books." By William Lyon Phelps. The Macmillan Co.)

Forbidden Love and Dignity

It is not often that volumes of love letters, either real or fictional, stand the test of cold type and critical reading. The self-analyzed love grows tiresome, ordinarily, to the person not directly interested, either because it is overweighted with passion or its sentiment degenerates to sentimentality. "To My Beloved" is the title of a volume, published anonymously, in which a woman's letters to a man she loves are couched in such dignified, and yet poetical and ardent terms, that one neither feels like an intruder upon sacred ground, nor an eavesdropper at the door of a back parlor of a cheap boarding house. There can be such a thing as a love between a man and a woman who are held apart by the laws of society, that is not degrading, and that, despite the pain it brings, makes life more beautiful than it could have been otherwise. Such love is not common, and it is impossible for the majority of people to conceive it. That is why many will find "To My Beloved" unconvincing, and perhaps stilted in spite of its ardor. The book will give the reader what the reader is capable of deriving from it. ("To My Beloved." Anonymous. George H. Doran Co.)

"Europe Revised"

Publishers of Irvin Cobb's "Europe Revised," tell us that it is not a war book. We are grateful. Perhaps, that happy day will arrive when authors will not be termed "second Mark Twains" or "second Bill Nyes" or "second Elbert—" but, no; one of each is sufficient, and the millenium is still far away. Irvin Cobb needs no eulogistic comparison with another writer. He is himself—an American humorist. Because he is so typically American, the press and his publishers delicately intimate that his cap and bells have been inherited from a great predecessor. That, of course, is to sell books. But Mr. Cobb's books would sell without any such assurance. In fact, Mr. Cobb's assurance would market anything, without other advertising than his name. To manufacture humor one must see things with a keen and serious eye. True humor is not at all one-sided and every true humorist is a thinking man. He has to be for two reasons, one of which is to be able to curb himself when he approaches vulgarity; the other reason is obvious; humor stales rapidly.

At times, the humor in "Europe Revised" is as broad as it is long; it lacks proportion, but Mr. Cobb happily saves himself by getting down to bed-rock in his more serious moments, expressing himself in a natural dignity of style that is thoroughly convincing. There is, however, a taint of the newspaper in some of the "leads" to his chapters. One cannot hit the bullseye every shot and Mr. Cobb should be content with the good average score he makes without such headings as "Guyed or Guided," "That Gay Paresis," "Venice and the Venisons." How cheap these titles seem as compared with that delicious heading "Old Masters—and Other Ruins."

As an illustration of Mr. Cobb at his best, it might do to quote from his chapter, "We Are Going Away From Here." In this chapter he describes an English type not altogether unknown to us. "He wore an honorable attached to the front of his name, and carried several extra initials in the rumble. * * * He was upward of seven feet tall, as the crow flies, and very thin and rigid. Viewing him you got the impression that his framework all ran straight up and down, like the wires in a bird cage, with barely enough perch extending across from side to side to keep him from caving in and crushing the canaries to death. On second thought I had better make the comparison in the singular number—there would not have been room in him for more than one canary * * *

"Also we had with us an elderly gentleman of impaired disposition, who had crossed thirty times before and was now completing his thirty-first trip, and getting madder and madder about it every minute. I saw him only with his clothes on; but I should say, speaking offhand, that he had at least fourteen rattles and a button * * * We called him Colonel Gila Monster, for short."

Mr. Cobb deals with Europeans in quite as incisive a manner, giving full credit wherever it is due, but mercilessly ridiculing the poseurs, the hypocrites, the art for art's sakers, the piffiers, the wasters and bounders with which Europe seems to be infested. Better still, he dissects his own countrymen with a swift and ready hand when he finds them to be suffering from bumptiousness, national biliousness, obsequiousness, money-pride, or what not.

"Europe Revised" is first of all, wholesome. While the blue pencil would not come amiss at times, the general flavor of the book is pleasing. It makes one feel friendly to Mr. Cobb and there is an underlying sincerity throughout that places the author as something more than a humorist. One feels that he steps down at times to a level somewhat beneath his real self. Unquestionably, he does it consciously, and for good and sound business reasons. The myriad Saturday Evening Posters throughout the land don't care about that; they get just what they want. And "Europe Revised" recently appeared serially in the Post as "An American Vandal."

As to Mr. Cobb's ability to do bigger things, or the same things in a bigger way, an Arizona puncher said it all the other day expressing himself thus: "Well, mebby he aint doin' his best in a certain way, but, say, kid, he gets there—and you got to pin it on him." ("Europe Revised," by Irvin S. Cobb. George H. Doran Co.)

H. H. K.

"Men Who Dared"

Characters in "Men Who Dared" are so overdrawn for the most part, the material of each lurid yarn is handled so unconvincingly, the echoes of many incidents are so easily traced to their native sources, that a serious review of the book would be a waste of good time, ink and paper. For instance, one character, "The Fiddlin' Kid," a violinist of excessive ability, expert gunman, roper and rider, joins a cattle outfit in Arizona and becomes, in the course of a few weeks, assistant foreman. The hero, according to his own confession in the inevitable letter which he leaves with the outfit when he departs, has ridden range for four whole years! Think of it! This is not to say that the stories are not interesting, for while the plainsman may find them technically deficient, they hold the general reader's attention.

On the "Seven Bar" range—seven bars would make a brand a little smaller than a gate, as they brand in Arizona—there is a villain waiting to be killed. The villain, naughty man, hates the "Kid" from the beginning. The "Kid" riding into camp, suddenly pulls his gun and shoots in the direction of the aforesaid villain. Let us quote: "Easy!" sang out the Kid as he replaced his weapon (possibly on the chiffonier), I was shooting at your friend there." And then we saw at Slater's feet (the villain's feet of course) an enormous rattler shot through the neck, writhing in its death agony." (And here comes a delightful bit of fiction together with a confusion as to the position of the villain's head and feet.) "Through some accident it had lost its rattles and unable to warn tlre unconscious victim, had crawled up within ten inches of Slater's head where it had coiled for the stroke. 'Do you always shoot like that, Kid?' asked Bud. 'Not always,' the boy laughingly responded. 'I should have hit the snake through the head, but I did not wait to take very careful aim.'" We have read The Virginian once or twice ourselves.

In another yarn under "Men Who Dared" there is a large and boisterous individual who laughs "Haw! Haw! Haw!" just like that. There are seven stories in the book. The publishers' note on the jacket reads: "This volume is conceded to be one of the most remarkable books of short stories on the market today. Mr. Veatch (the author) has been called 'The New Bret Harte.' His work rings true as blued steel." The book is remarkable. The reason is obvious. The "Men Who Dared" are not all confined within the boundaries of Arizona. There are a few of them east of the divide. ("Men Who Dared," by Byron E. Veatch. Browne & Howell.)

Reinhardt's Weak Admirer

Max Reinhardt has done much for the advancement of the stage, but Huntly Carter, author of "The Theater of Max Reinhardt" has done little to advance this master of his craft. Mr. Carter seems to think the best way to laud his hero is to disparage violently everyone and everything else concerned in modern theatrical affairs, and this leads him into many ludicrous statements. He begins by belaboring "the commercials and the intellectuals," in whose hands he declares the theatrical control is now vested, and he complains that the intellectuals never have appeared "to agree that the theater should be a house of vision only." Mr. Carter, it might be inferred, is a prophet of the movies, as the film drama would be the highest expression of theatrical art, if vision be its sole function. Passing on he divides theatrical managers into two classes, Frohman and Schubert (sic) and all others, though it is not clear which Frohman Mr. Carter means, or how he would distinguish between a production from the shop of Brady, for example, and one from that of either Daniel or Charles. Many persons have had violent things to say about directors of productions, but this transcends all: "They constitute the first element of the organization of their heterogeneous crowds of servile (ouch!) workers, and are expected to see that their human 'orchestras' give a faithful reading—not of the author's intellectual, moral or imaginative ideas—but of their own personality." This may be true of David Belasco, but, probably, of no other American producer.

So we pass on. Ibsen did stupid things and "fools rushed in and imitated them." We are further edified with the information that "Shaw, together with Oscar Wilde, has given birth to a deadly illegitimate drama of modern times that it will take centuries to stamp out." Again, this esoteric swashbuckler ventures the prophecy concerning future interpretations of "Hedda Gabler" that "the deaths of Hedda and Lovborg will be represented as being the result of a spiritual compact between Hedda and Lovborg which can only be realized through physical death." We draw a veil and pass on. He finds fault with the vocal methods of the English stage, remarking, "There are but one or two leading players who do not belong to the voiceless band, among whom may be mentioned Arthur Bourchier, Forbes Robertson, D. Lyn Harding and Lewis Waller." Four "among" one or two is a problem in higher mathematics the solution of which we leave to those possessing minds of similar elasticity of that of Mr. Carter.

In short, wherever Mr. Carter essays to comment independently he is silly. All is not lost, however. A goodly portion of the book consists of facts concerning the rise of Reinhardt in his profession, and descriptions of the physical side of his material—mechanical and human. Subtracting this from Mr. Carter's torrent of misstatement and misconception, there is a good deal of data to be had which is now available for the first time in this country. Reinhardt has been able to interest Berlin in Shaw plays which London would not receive on any consideration. He produced Gorky's indescribable drama, "The Lower Depths" in such a striking manner that it was given more than 500 times, and "The Awakening of Spring," an equally difficult piece, was played more than 200 times. The theatrical world needs to know more about the methods of such a man. Any information is welcome, even cluttered with such a mess of words as in this volume. Let us hope this will be the forerunner of a sane study of Reinhardt's work. ("The Theater of Max Reinhardt." By Huntly Carter. Mitchell Kennerley.)

R. B.

"Progressive Democracy"

Every student of American politics and economics knows Herbert Croly through his former book, "The Promise of American Life." No recommendation, therefore, is necessary for the same author's profound study just issued under the title "Progressive Democracy." It is enough to say that this new work maintains, even advances, Mr. Croly's reputation as an author of the greatest ability on political questions. There is so much narrow partisanship in political discussion, so much doctrine and so little wisdom, that an author who is sane and critical and fair is a boon to the common man who is seeking light on the tendencies in American government. Mr. Croly and Mr. Lippmann are both authors of this desirable kind. Note is made elsewhere of Mr. Lippmann's brilliant book, "Drift and Mastery." Mr. Croly's study of the same field strikes one as being more intricate and comprehensive, with greater constructive value. Instead of flashes of light, Mr. Croly gives us a steadier illumination.

It is impossible to take space enough here to review the position taken by "Progressive Democracy." The author's aim is to analyze American conservatism and the rise and meaning of the progressive movement to discover the essential difference these two governmental ideals; and to make a forecast of the immediate future, to say what we may hope for. The author is, of course, on the side of progressivism, from which he expects great things. He shows that American life has changed, and will demand new functions in government and impose new duties on the citizens.

"The foundations of the traditional system are being tested both by the strain of new social and economic conditions, and by a flood of suspicion and criticism." The public has rightly demanded explanations and reforms, and any system which promises things that are in consonance with the spirit of the time, and in addition to promising, performs, will receive the public's approbation. "In what respects does progressivism merely carry on ideas which have always been present in the American economic and political system? In what respects does it introduce new ideas? How far can the new ideas be reconciled with the old?" These are a few of the questions that Mr. Croly sets himself to answer, and in the answering of them he proves himself a master. ("Progressive Democracy." By Herbert Croly. The Macmillan Co.) C. K. J.

Mrs. Gould Writes a Novel

There is, possibly, no reason why an actress who has married a multi-millionaire, and has been divorced from him sensationally, should not write a book, and no reason why that book should not be considered on its merits as literature, without the question arising whether this book is actually the work of the person supposed to have written it, or from the hand of a hack who supplied the material to which the well-known name is attached. There is, possibly, no reason why these questions should arise, and yet they do. "The Crystal Rood" by Mrs. Howard Gould is the occasion. It is not such a story as one might expect from this source. It is a story of a white child, kidnaped by a barren Indian woman and palmed off as her own, through the use of vegetable stains to keep the skin dark, and grease to make the hair straight. The youth develops decided un-Indian traits—and they marry and live happily ever after. Perhaps Katherine Clemmons Gould did write it. At least there is little danger of Theodore Dreiser, Joseph Conrad, H. G. Wells, or even Robert Chambers trying to rob her of the honor. ("The Crystal Rood." By Mrs. Howard Gould. John Lane Co.)

In Current Magazines

"Not guilty, but don't do it again" is Col. George Harvey's interpretation of the result of the November elections, as stated in the December number of the North American Review. He affirms that the administration was not repudiated, but sustained; was not even effectively rebuked, but was unmistakably warned. The German side of the war argument is presented by Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, and the neutrality of Belgium discussed in a particularly thoughtful and clear article by A. G. DeLapradelle. Other contributions are "The Press in War-Time" by Sydney Brooks, "Switzerland and the War" by Charles Borgeaud; "Nationalism in Bohemia and Poland" by H. A. Miller, "Mediation" by C. H. Sherrill, and various other discussions of current topics, with a large number of reviews of new books.

War subjects naturally predominate in the Review of Reviews, and numerous phases of the conflict are discussed in analysis and picture. Current Opinion likewise is principally devoted to the conflagration, but finds space for an article on the new Belasco play, "The Phantom Rival," certain drastic criticisms of the American stage and acting, and a variety of scientific, literary and art reviews, over most of which, however, the trail of the battle-smoke is curled.

Notes From Bookland

J. B. Lippincott Company has just issued a calendar that will delight the children and all those older folk who still love the beautiful things of the imagination. Twelve pictures in colors on the twelve calendar sheets are from the fine illustrated edition of The Stories All Children Love series. These classic volumes have been chosen not only for their appeal to the child, but also for their value in evoking the child's powers of mind and character, as in the beautiful tales by George Macdonald, Hans Christion Andersen and others that will hold the interest of children as long as childhood exists.

Dood, Mead & Co. have ready two new guide books that will interest winter traveling Americans now that the play grounds of Europe are no longer available. They are "Cuba, Past and Present" and "Porto Rico and San Domingo of Today," both by A. Hyatt Verrill. "Brazil and the Brazilians" from the same house, by G. J. Bruce, is the account of a leisurely tour through that country with comments on its resources and its people.

According to Mrs. Parnell's biography of her husband, the Irish leader's sobriquet for Gladstone was "the Grand Old Spider.'"

Parker Fillmore, author of "The Rosie World," is writing a novel of life in the Philippines, where he was a teacher for several years.

Gen. Hwang Hsing's presence in this country just now gives special interest to "A Revelation of the Chinese Revolution," which the Fleming H. Revell Company promises for early publication. The author is said to be a Chinese of high social standing whose work has been edited by Dr. J. J. Mullowney. It sets forth Gen. Hwang Hsing as the real leader of the Chinese revolution and gives the inside history of many of the events leading to the downfall of the empire.

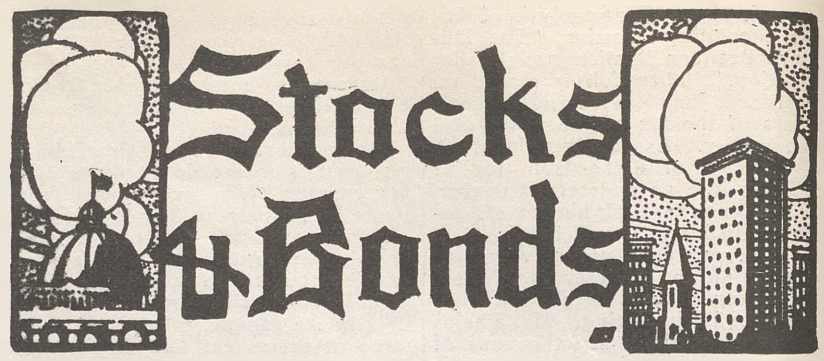
Rev. J. Winthrop Hegeman, author of "Must Protestantism Adopt Christian Science?" was 'Varsity pitcher during his college days, since being graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary has organized churches and Sunday schools in Northern Wisconsin and studied the problem of the poorest tenement districts in New York and London.

Word has been received from Joseph Conrad, for whose safety in Poland his friends entertained much fear, that he is living in a small town in the Polish mountains, where he is hard at work on his new novel, "The Big Rescue."

Walter Lippmann's new book, "Drift and Mastery," has been made required reading in the courses in Constitutional and Municipal Government at Princeton Uiversity.

Mitchell Kennerley will bring out at once several books dealing with the theatre. Important among these is Sheldon Cheney's "The New Movement in the Theatre," a comprehensive work which touches upon all aspects of the great and rapid modern developments in theatrical affairs. Lovers of vaudeville will find much to interest them in a Kennerley book on that subject by Caroline Caffin and Marius de Zayas, in which the former writes of men and women of the vaudeville stage and the latter pictures them in caricature, Ready for publication is Volume XI. in Mr. Kennerley's Modern Drama Series. It contains Arthur Schnitzler's "The Lonely Way," "Interlude," and "Countess Mizzi," all of them later and more significant works than "Anatol," by which he is best known in America.

Putnams announce "The Lower Amazon" by Algot Lange, the narrative of several journeys in the extreme eastern part of South America, along the banks, and up and down the lower tributaries of the Amazon River .



HOLIDAY influences permeated the market with rather a depressing effect on trading this week. After the comparatively lively business of last week, the sluggish tendency was perhaps all the more apparent, and in different circumstances the activity for this season might have been regarded as fair.

From the standpoint of interest the leading issue has been Associated; it has undergone one of its periodical rises, to the accompaniment of rumors of a Royal Dutch-Shell deal and increase in dividends, and similar flapdoodle. As a matter of fact manipulation, usually indulged in at intervals by certain San Francisco interests, seems to be back of the marked advance. However, it is generally considered that the price at which Associated has heretofore been selling is rather low. This has probably helped out the boosting of values.

Union Oil shows a good underlying tone; it sold at $51. General improvement in conditions and satisfactory earnings of the company are the principal causes for the good tone. Several hundred shares of Rice Ranch changed hands at a good margin over par. United Oil has reacted a little. National Pacific has been rather restless between around 4½ to 4¾ cents. Midway Northern has manifested a satisfactory feeling.

Security Trust and Savings Bank stock has improved. One share sold at $355 this week, and the bid is higher. Other bank stocks have been quiet. Bonds have been inactive on the board, although it is probable that the demand will pick up after the holidays.

Los Angeles Investment has dropped into something of a rut around 51 cents a share. Significant news developments, to which the stock readily responds, have been scarce. The annual meeting of the company, soon to be held, is sure to attract a great deal of attention.

Beet Sugar Stock in Good Demand

It is interesting to note that in spite of the time there are capitalists who have enough faith in the beet sugar milling industry to invest freely. This faith has enabled the American Sugar Refining management to close its entire holdings in two important beet companies, the Utah-Idaho and the Amalgamated Sugar Company. In the Utah-Idaho the American company held a 49 per cent interest, amounting to a par of $4,650,000. This stock has now been sold. In the Amalgamated Sugar Company, the American Company originally held a 50 per cent interest, amounting to $1,275,700. Half of this stock was sold in June to Utah interests. A few days ago the other half of the American Sugar holdings of Amalgamated was closed out to the same buyers. This makes $5,300,000 par of beet stocks sold within a few days. Thus far in 1914 American Sugar has sold at par $6,297,230 of beet sugar stocks. These comprise the entire holdings of Utah-Idaho, the Amalgamated Sugar Company, and the Lewiston Sugar Company. The American is now entirely out of these three companies and has received cash for these holdings. It is understood that in all three cases the American was fortunate to get a price of better than the book value at which it was carrying these beet stocks. There has accumulated a surplus or several millions of dollars in sales of beet stocks since the movement started back in 1900. This surplus in cash over book value undoubtedly insures the satisfactory liquidation of the remainder of the company's beet stocks. American Sugar has now reduced its par of beet sugar stocks to $15,802,650, which compares with $34,021,000 back in 1908 when the Havemeyer policy had piled up beet sugar holdings to their highest point. As things stand at the end of 1914, American Sugar has substantial stockholdings in but three sugar companies, the Spreckels Sugar Company, the Great Western Sugar Company and the Michigan Sugar Company. The ownership of stocks of these three companies amounts to $14,195,000, or 89 per cent of its total beet stocks. There are two or three small beet investments which are carried on the books at nothing, or at but a few dollars a share. American Sugar will fare as liberally in 1914 at the hands of its beet sugar associates as during 1913. There will be no diminution in dividends received save that which has flowed through sale of stocks in pursuance of the plan of liquidation.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Dividend declarations last week reflected anything but strained commercial conditions. Directors of nearly 100 corporations met for dividend action and ordered regular payments with only two small exceptions. To offset this, two companies resumed dividends, one company declared an initial dividend and another corporation an extra dividend. An interesting development was the resumption of dividends by the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company at the rate of 37½ cents quarterly, and the declaration of the regular dividend by Utah the latter company benefits proportionately. The resumption by Nevada Consolidated follows similar action by Calumet & Arizona, which declared a dividend of 50 cents a share quarterly last week, following the passing of its dividend three months ago.

Little Books for Little Folks

Three books for the smallest children have been prepared by Wallace Crane. They are familiar fairy stories, done into rhyme and embellished with pictures. The sanguinary adventures of Bluebeard's disobedient wife, the shivery tale of Goldilocks and the three bears, the marvelous doings of Mother Hubbard's dog, the romantic story of Puss in Boots, and the terrible plot of the forty thieves against the peace and dignity of Ali Baba, are told in simplest words, and with so many pictures that even if the story is a bit subtle at times, the interpretation is right there handy. The volumes are pocket size, and a handy first aid to the elders who do not know how to entertain the little folks whose demands for stories are insistent. (Three Fairy Books for Children. Text and illustrations by Walter Crane. The John Lane Co.)

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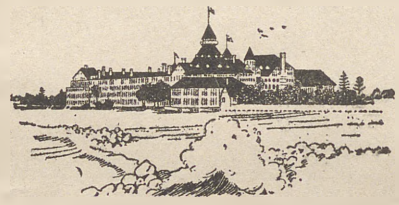

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